

The Freeman

VOL. I. No. 1.

MARCH 17, 1920

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follow down the string from every kite now flying, and see how many of the strings lead to the same hand.

THIS would have a salutary tendency, too, to draw the skyward gaze of the electorate down to earth. The things that affect their interests are after all, taking place on earth and not in the sky. One is reminded of the experiment with complementary colours that was carried on for advertising purposes by an English tradesman some years ago. He painted a large, brilliant yellow spot on a billboard, with a legend suggesting that passers-by gaze steadfastly on the spot while counting sixty, then raise their eyes and they would see a red ball hanging in the sky. It was an effective advertisement, and a godsend to the pickpockets of London, who presently arrived by platoons and companies and whole battalions, and plied their trade with vivacious and enthusiastic diligence while their victims had their attention riveted on the red ball. There is probably some kind of moral in this for the electorate, applicable at all times, but especially applicable just before a political campaign.

To discern the essential nature of political government one gets perhaps one's best lead through a study of the current labour crises. In every case, apparently, the struggle resolves itself finally into a conflict between the Government, acting as the agent of special interests, and the general interest of labour—that is to say, a struggle to maintain the rights of monopoly-income as against the rights of service-income. The United States Government uses the power of the courts in compelling arbitrary settlements in circumstances of this kind; while the Continental Governments usually employ cruder methods. In Spain, for instance, where the issue is acute and chronic, the Government uses the police power and the military. In Germany too, Noske suppresses strikes with the mailed fist; while in the recent railway strike, the French Government followed the method set by Briand in 1910, and mobilized the strikers with a view to forcing them to work under penalty of martial law. In this connection it is rather remarkable that the mobilization orders were issued through the railway companies. Under such circumstances, which are those of sheer industrial slavery, there is a profound cynicism and hypocrisy in the Government's appeal to the patriotism of the striking workers.

APPEALS to patriotism may not always prove effective, even when backed by mobilization orders. In England, if reports are to be believed, such appeals have already lost weight. It is scarcely to be expected that even a government can forever defer the day of reckoning by these tactics alone. The industrial situation is not due to any vicious propaganda imported for the purpose of embarrassing governments. It is the direct result of economic disintegration for which political government is responsible. The masses have never moved toward revolution; they have been pushed. Conditions for which they are not responsible are pushing them rapidly today. A peaceful revolution is still possible and practicable, and such is the eager hope of enlightened minds. The aristocratic state has passed; the middle class state is fast passing, after a much shorter lease of life. The next step, logically, is the proletarian state, whose tenure may be even shorter before the idea of the state is wholly and finally superseded by the idea of Society. Mr. Churchill has said that labour will not know how to govern. Perhaps not; it should at least know how not to

CURRENT COMMENT.

So far the utterances of Presidential aspirants are not worth serious attention. Everyone knows, of course, that the primary object of the major parties is this year the same as it has been for over forty years, namely, to prevent a real issue being brought before the people; and they will certainly succeed unless labour, the agrarians, and other disaffected special interests unite to force upon the country a simple statement of fundamental economic fact—as simple and fundamental, for example, as the tentative programme offered them by the Committee of Forty-eight. It does not seem probable, however, that anything like this will take place. Between the two major parties, as again everyone knows, there is not a pin to choose in respect of principle. Their working policies, motives, intentions, and ideals are identical. The only real difference between them is that one is in and wants to stay in, while the other is out and wants to get in. This precisely, and none other, is the situation that confronts the electorate. It is not new; it has confronted them, as we said, for more than forty years.

UNDER these circumstances, obviously, the speech of one aspirant must perforce be essentially that of all the rest; and so, indeed, we find it. What, for instance, has General Wood to say in respect of any real issue, that Mr. Palmer or Mr. Hoover does not say, or that a phonograph might not say quite as well for one and all? "No compromise with bolshevism," "No socialism in any form," "Americanization," "Fair treatment for labour and capital alike"—such are the poor old dead horses that are trotted out to do their galvanic movements in the traces of the band-wagon. Not one of the aspirants would for the life of him dare say explicitly what fair treatment for labour and capital consists in, nor could he tell what Americanization means and how to go about it, or give off-hand a competent definition of bolshevism or socialism, were it to save his soul from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend.

THE plain truth is that these aspirants are mere kites sent up here and there to test the direction and velocity of the wind. Their insipid generalizations are kite-tails, tagged on to steady them in their exploratory errand; rags of variegated and nondescript colour indifferently strung together for the service of a purely temporary purpose. The really important feature of the exhibition is not the kite or the kite-tail, which everybody sees, but the string, which is invisible except to careful watching. The controlling hand is the hand that holds the string; and the electorate would do well to

govern, for in that science it has had impressive lessons from the beginning of its political emergence. Perhaps in the long, run society may find its most profitable asset in the disability that Mr. Churchill complains of.

THE Supreme Council is reported in the dispatches from London as beginning to commence to get ready to sanction a large international loan to Germany. The rich neutrals will find inducements to subscribe, and the correspondent piously adds that "even England, her representatives believe, will contribute." As a sporting proposition, it is at least a hundred to one that she will. In fact, the proposed change in policy towards Germany, like the change towards Russia, is attributed to Mr. Lloyd George. The French appear to object; any further concessions that are conceivably damaging to their own economic interests, do not go without protest. Of course it has all along been clear to such minds as kept to their normal functioning that the "knock-out blow" and all the fictions about indemnities that were used to give the armistice-period a prosperous appearance, would be followed by precisely the kind of development that has come to pass. But, for all that, the news of a loan to our late enemies has a most absurdly crestfallen look when put side by side with the campaign promises of Mr. George and the opulent assurances of M. Klotz to the French electorate. The reader somehow feels bilked of a thrilling sensation that by all rights should have been his.

DOCUMENTS of the Russian Foreign Office which relate the story of Entente secret diplomacy are now published in this country. Sazonov's report to the Tsar, dated August 4, 1912, after Poincaré's fateful visit to St. Petersburg, reveals the fact that the naval and military arrangements with France for the war against Germany and Austro-Hungary were concluded not by treaty but by the exchange of notes. A mere secret exchange of letters was the method used for pledging joint naval and military action, and mobilization was to be regarded by the Government of each signatory Power as a declaration of war. Each side acknowledged the binding power of the agreement. The year 1912 was a very busy one for the chancelleries. Many letters were exchanged. It was indeed in 1912, in the month of November, that Sir Edward Grey exchanged letters with the French Ambassador in London regarding the naval and military conversations of the experts and the plans of the General Staffs.

THESE letters were read to the House of Commons on August 3, 1914, nearly two years after, and then only under the pressure of impending events. The Anglo-French agreement for joint naval and military action was however, not binding,—so Sir Edward permitted himself, for public purposes, to imagine. But Sazonov in 1912 reported to the Tsar that Sir Edward had told him that, in the event of Germany aiding Austria, Russia could rely on Great Britain to "stake everything in order to inflict the most serious blow to German power." In the 1912 report Sazonov told the Tsar that "England promised to support France on land by sending an expedition of 100,000 to the Belgian border to repel the invasion of France by the German army through Belgium, expected by the French General Staff." He says further, concerning the King of England,

Touching upon this question in one of his conversations with me the King expressed himself even more decisively than his minister, and, after mentioning with evident exasperation the striving of Germany to become the equal of Great Britain in naval power, his majesty exclaimed that in the event of a conflict the latter will be bound to cause fatal consequences not only to the German war fleet but also to the German merchant marine, for 'we shall sink every single German ship we get hold of.'

These last words apparently reflect not only the personal feeling of his majesty but also the prevailing frame of mind toward Germany in England.

The conclusion would seem to be that secret diplomacy is as much a thing to be gotten rid of as Asiatic cholera, yellow fever and malarial typhoid; and for

exactly the same reasons, i.e.; it always does a great deal of harm and is wholly unnecessary. Secret diplomacy, the exchange of letters, and military and naval "conversations," were the mainstay method of political governments in Europe,—and look at Europe now, and at the governments!

ONE may now remark, quite without temptation to complain or cavil, an interesting habit of the American press. For some time our papers have been rather hard on the new Russia, printing daily stories of horror and atrocity that seemed quite improbable at the time, and have since turned out to be devoid of foundation. Their military reports of the counter-revolutionary campaigns that our late Allies sunk so much good money in—and we, a tidy trifle of our own—also turned out to be untrustworthy. The press went cordially along with the Overman Committee and the Lusk Committee and in the wake of Mr. Palmer and discovered a new bolshevist mare's-nest nearly every day. Then presently Mr. Lloyd George made his quick and thrifty switch to the daring project of curing bolshevism by trade, and the blockade was raised overnight; and since then, disparagement of the Soviet Government has been extremely gentle and infrequent. But our press has been oddly content to let its past go as it lies—no pun intended. Not even the most grudging and attenuated acknowledgement that it had been egregiously misled and in its turn had egregiously misled the public. There seems to be no canon in the ethics or practice of American journalism requiring consistency over more than twenty-four hours, or suggesting the propriety of some kind of amends for libelling the Russian Soviet Government with a series of lies and misrepresentations as long as a hunter's staff.

YET for those who like this sort of thing, it is probably about the sort of thing they like. There seems little sense in being pharisaical about the newspapers; and one would be justified in nibbling with very long teeth at an enterprise like Mr. Upton Sinclair's, for instance, for a new paper which should be highly disinterested and sensitively moral. How many are there of one's acquaintance who read an opposition paper; one, that is, which does not devote itself, both editorially and in the slant of its news, to preaching their own opinions back to them *ore rotundo*? Very few. The American newspaper is not used and valued as a source of information or a guide of opinion, but for comfort and reassurance,—in other words, for the deepening of mental stagnation. No fault can be found with this, unless one be of the prohibitionist temper which is perhaps less alien to the liberal than to the radical. Our press is probably quite as consistent and as considerate of truth and fair play as its readers care to have it, and falls in, on the whole, quite well with the primary use to which they wish to put it. The more clearly one perceives this, the harder it is to work oneself up to the pitch of moral indignation set by those who seem entirely to misapprehend the function of journalism in this country at the present time.

A CURIOUS story comes to light from the Republic of Hayti, that spot in the Caribbean which every citizen of the United States may feel pride in regarding as our own little private Belgium. Since January, it appears that more than sixty Germans have been deported to their fatherland because their success in business was an obstacle to American development. The newspaper which prints the report has been quite consistently friendly to the Administration, but drily describes this performance as "one way of protecting American investments." The Germans were deported at their own expense; they had to pay their own passage to Europe, being told, with the explicitness of the frontier vigilance-committee, that if they were found in Hayti after a reasonable time, they would be imprisoned. The nominal charge against them was that they financed and

abetted the Caco uprising, but there is not a scintilla of evidence that they did so.

THIS is just our handy little way. The deporting was not done by the Army of Occupation but "by order of the Government of Hayti," which must have stirred von Bissing in his grave, for it would touch even a dead man's sense of humour. No one would be unpatriotic enough to say that this method with the Germans was precipitate or anything but proper and satisfactory, but one might perhaps venture a word of sympathy for the Haytians. An official quoted in the news-dispatch just referred to, deposes as follows:

We are here to cultivate, to build, to give all the Haytians a chance to have enough to eat, enough to wear and a chance to work out the destiny of a happy, industrious people.

For months it has been certain that some method must be found of getting the German influences out of the country—getting as many Germans out as possible, if not all. The Caco raid furnished the first excuse and was acted upon as promptly as might be.

The Haytians may well plead that if they must be exploited, it should at least not be by those who say that they do it for their good. Exploitation by Germans is bad enough in all conscience; but exploitation by those who revere the principle of self-determination and the rights of small nations, is an appalling calamity.

By certification from the Supreme Court the United States Steel Corporation is a good trust and may keep its subsidiaries, and possess its soul, or whatever does duty for one, in peace henceforth from molestation by the Government. Three justices, Day, Pitney, and Clarke, dissented, and two did not sit; so it was a four to three decision, prevailing by the time-honoured majority of one. There is a certain humour about the recurrence of this situation, of which critics sometimes take advantage. But lengthening experience with Federal trust-busting enterprises diminishes one's sense of their importance to the price-paying public. Of course it is a fine thing to know that the Steel Company is a good trust and that the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company were bad trusts, and one can congratulate Judge Gary and be very sorry for Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Duke; but somehow everything seems to stop at that point, just when it is in imminent danger of becoming interesting. Certificates of character are lovely—lovely—but what people really want is cheaper goods and better; better cigars, for instance, and more of them for the money. But nothing like this seems ever to happen; and hence the decisions of the Supreme Court may perhaps be said to fail a little in actual popularity.

THE Eighteenth Amendment seems threatened with evisceration, and probably the upshot will be some compromise that will somehow reflect the principle of state rights, under the "concurrent action" clause. The Assembly at Albany seems at last to have turned on the Anti-Saloon League which has ridden it like a tyrant for a long time; and other States, led by the two which have the most honourable history in respect to civil rights—Rhode Island and New Jersey—are construing the Amendment with great freedom.

THE Amendment was foisted upon the country in a peculiarly shameless way, at a time when the public was ready to acquiesce, and did peaceably, patiently and loyally acquiesce, in a wholesale nullification of personal rights and a long course of nagging, stupid tyranny. That time is past, and the people, now quite aware of the scandalous abuse of their confidence, are no longer acquiescent. The Eighteenth Amendment simply comes in among the exasperations that they now resent, and they are condemning it accordingly. It is one of the most obvious and convenient issues for practical resentment, because it is one about which something can still be done. Most of the evil visited upon our citizenry by the Government is unhappily irreparable, but some things, the peace treaty, for example, remain as targets for

popular disapproval; and among them is the Eighteenth Amendment.

WAGE earners are forced these days to think hard about the relation of high wages and cost of living, and some time-honoured ideas are undergoing revision. In a recent issue of the *Federationist* Mr. Gompers feels constrained to raise anew the question whether trade-unions can and do raise real wages. Mr. Gompers' editorial is an attempt to refute the declaration of the Railroad Brotherhoods made last summer that high wages and high prices are a "vicious circle" for the wage-earner. Now the railroad workers themselves are realizing the dangerous effects of a hasty generalization. In their "memorial" to the American people issued on the occasion of the new railroad law, they modify their declaration of last July. They justify their demand for an increase in wages in the following words:

The American people need not fear that such wage increases as may in justice be granted us will prove a step in the so-called "vicious circle" of ever-increasing prices and resultant higher cost of living, providing the forces of the government are alert and determined to prevent undue profiteering. It is the conscienceless pyramiding of profits, and not the increasing circle of cost incident to giving labor a living wage the public should be on guard against. Labor, assured of uniformly fair treatment and relieved of distress and worry due to inadequate wages, will always, through greater efficiency and a desire to give a square deal for a square deal, hold labor costs on a sound economic level by increasing production or service.

This is a necessary modification of the doctrine of the "vicious circle." While the latter may be true in the large, labour cannot gain by abandoning entirely the idea of the economy of high wages or the doctrine of the more equitable distribution of the economic surplus.

MR. GOMPERS' reply to the telegram signed by five members of the Indiana State Labour Party reveals his impatience as President of the American Federation of Labour towards non-conformism within his organization. The telegram which was sent in the name of "the convention of the Indiana State Labour Party in session February 14, 1920," is in opposition to the recent political declaration of the Federation. The signers of the telegram, speaking for the convention, assert "that the political policy of the A. F. of L. is impractical and has been absolutely unsuccessful." This statement is undoubtedly too sweeping but as it specifies "political policy," one can hardly see how this may be construed by Mr. Gompers into a declaration that "the work and the policy of the American Federation of Labour" is impractical, and why an expression of criticism should be regarded as "an affront to the labour movement."

THE Ravels, Ropartzes, Rabauds and other tenuous musical emblems proffered by our late associates in the war are silently melting out of our concert programmes and making way for stancher material. Our musical reporters find a convenient way to excuse the reappearance of Wagner by reminding us that he was a revolutionist; Bach, it is pointed out, antedated the Hohenzollerns and Beethoven comes by descent from the Flemings. This is a meaningless and permissible little piece of ritual, and quite unobjectionable since it permits these composers to be heard once more. American names appear sometimes but repetitions of native music are not so frequent as to be annoying. Conductors tend to construct programmes according to the worth of the music rather than by the political sympathies of the composers. If Elgar's Variations were played in Chicago and New York this season it is because the work represents his fine craftsmanship, not because he is an Englishman. People are even conceding that "The Star Spangled Banner" is very bad poetry set to very undistinguished music, (originally, by the way, an English drinking-song, "To Anacreon in Heaven"), and may be all very well in its place but that its place is not at the beginning of an opera. Thus sanity returns, slowly, perhaps, yet it returns—one hopes, with momentum enough to make some discrimination for art when the next war comes.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE RAILWAYS.

THE new railway bill which has just become law, is one of the most valuable pieces of legislation ever enacted. President Wilson has been an educator all his life, and it is very appropriate that his Administration should have put into effect so many profoundly educative measures, such as the Lever Act, the Eighteenth Amendment, and now the railway act. Mr. Wilson's Administration has done more than any other in the history of the United States to impress upon the mind of the public the truth that political government, whether autocratic, constitutionalist-monarchical, or republican, is primarily a device for maintaining and as far as possible deepening, the stratification of society into two classes; a monopolist and exploiting class and a labouring and dependent class. It is wholesome and necessary for the American people to apprehend this truth, and they should therefore be, and ultimately will be, sincerely grateful to Mr. Wilson and his associates for having done so much to make it clear to them, even though their education has cost them a great deal of hardship and distress.

The railway law was put through very summarily, and with great haste. Like all Mr. Wilson's great educative measures, it was avalanched on a preoccupied public. It is mean to twit on facts; and so perhaps only a diffident and wholly good natured mention should now be made of Mr. Wilson's liberal supporters, who were so sure two years ago that if everyone only followed him blindly and trusted him implicitly through all his kaleidoscopic changes of heart and conscience, accepted whatever confiscations he exacted—and right royally has he exacted the most prodigious confiscation of property, of civil and human rights, of opinion and of conscience—he would somehow lead the country into the fullness of an economic Canaan. "Never," they said impressively, "never will the railways go back to private ownership." Liberalism is sound at heart; of the integrity of its purpose one cannot, indeed, say too much; but its inveterate faith in political government, its nostrum of "good men in office," and its notion that if the machinery of political government can only be sufficiently revamped and tinkered, the character of the State will automatically change with it—by all this, liberalism gives the measure of its own intelligence, and the outcome of our four years' experimentation with its counsels has abundantly fixed that measure.

The principal educative features of the new railway law can be run over very briefly. It guarantees a subsidy to the owners, and not only gives free opening and cordial invitation to further exploitation, but underwrites all the exploitation of half a century which finally put the railways in the Government's hands as mere wreckage to be reorganized at the expense of the public—and a pretty bill the public has already paid for it! The provisions of the law will compel an increase in rates amounting to one billion dollars a year; and this as the railway officials themselves point out means a cumulative increase upon the "ultimate consumer," upon the public at large, of from three to five times that amount. The law returns the railways to the same old management of industrial bankers, thus inviting the continuance of the same old policy of running them not as railways but as dividend-producers; and it gives the operators a letter of marque for any kind of extravagance they may contemplate, because it guarantees earnings of five and one half per cent, no matter how lavishly or waste-

fully the business of railway operation is carried on. The very pick of all the soft and lucrative jobs on earth for the next few years, as it now looks, is to be a railway president, with a financial interest in half a dozen railway-supply companies.

But there is no use in scrutinizing the details of this interesting measure, *ex post facto*. It is now law. It has already become effective. The agile little Hudson and Manhattan Railway, in fact, which connects New York and New Jersey by tube, was on hand promptly the very first day, with a raise in its fares. The law is now to be considered and appraised solely for its educational value; and viewed in that way, the American people will find themselves much better off for it. The more rapacious, barefaced, confiscatory, and unintelligent the aspect that political government habitually bears towards its people, the better for them. Look at Germany; her trouble is that her former rulers were intelligent men. Stein, Hardenberg, and Bismarck conceded far too much, had far too earnest regard for what Bismarck used to call the *imponderabilia*, gave the people far too much for their money; and what they took away from them, they took with far too clever stealthiness and under far too plausible pretexts, for the people's good. The consequence is that the German people may probably go hopefully fiddling along with constitutionalism and republicanism indefinitely, before discovering that a political and delegated government will serve them under one name precisely as under another; and that the only change which is more than nominal is the change to a purely administrative and representative government. In this connection one may give American liberalism a word of cordial praise which is its due. Liberalism elected Mr. Wilson in 1916—it admits the soft impeachment—and thereby did a great service. If Mr. Hughes had been elected, there would have been one difference, and only one; the people would stand in all essential respects where they now do, but they would have been so much more skilfully managed into their disabilities and distresses, that their education would be set back most seriously.

MR. ASQUITH, M. P.

IN an attempt to estimate the effect Mr. Asquith's victory at Paisley will have upon the future of Liberalism, it is necessary to seek the cause of the disintegration of the *ante-bellum* Liberal party. The war undoubtedly struck a mortal blow at its principles and traditions, and many of its most vigorous members, who supported Mr. Asquith at the two general elections of 1910, have gone over one by one to the Labour party. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Asquith is capable of performing a miracle by recovering the radical forces now with the Independent Labour party, and, at the same time, driving the Liberal Coalitionists supporting the Premier, over to the Tories. One thing is clear, there can be no reconciliation between the imperialists and the old Liberal groups. Whatever chance there might be of reuniting the Liberal forces may be lost in a struggle for leadership between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. The Paisley fight seems to have been a skirmish, presaging a big battle. The whole field of politics, domestic and foreign, has been changed since the general election in December, 1918, and the country, beginning to realize that it has been grossly deceived and bamboozled by ministers and their press, is thirsting for information, like Mr. Clennam in the Circumlocution Office.

Mr. Asquith is a great parliamentarian, but it is to be doubted whether he is qualified to meet these un-

usual exactions. He is an admirable leader in the House, but with no great personal following in the country. His logic is cold, his speeches lack any stirring qualities, and his language is devoid of the ease and glow of the vernacular. He is difficult to approach, for he has much of the austerity of the shy man who uses austerity for defensive purposes. He has therefore never been a popular figure, for the masses have always shown a predilection for the approachable, affable, voluble type of politician, like Joseph Chamberlain, and Lloyd George, whose successes were won in the country, face to face with the people; while Mr. Asquith has won his victories on the floor of the House of Commons. In these days, however, the task of rallying political opinion does not lie in Parliament, but in the country; and Mr. Asquith, at the age of sixty-eight, is hardly the right man for the job.

But even these difficulties are small in comparison with those connected with the ex-Premier's political past. The radical element in the Liberal party has always regarded him with suspicion. There still remains upon him the stigma of the Liberal League, which he, with Lord Rosebery, formed against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman during the Boer War. Lord Loreburn, who was Lord Chancellor when Mr. Asquith was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet, wrote, in December last, to *Common Sense*, about the position of the Liberal party:

At the present moment I can see nothing more than an organization with a Fund, derived largely from questionable sources, and a number of newspapers largely dependent on the goodwill of the concern and therefore naturally anxious to continue it, together with a large staff of agents and officials throughout the country, equally anxious to continue it. But of the policy and maxims by which it was governed during the time when it did so much good work—the time of Cobden and Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman—though no doubt numberless individuals are still the repositories of those doctrines, I am not able to see in the organization any trace of their effective survival. They have been utterly uprooted by the action of Ministers preceding or accompanying the great European war and its consequences.

As Lord Loreburn writes, so the majority of old-school Liberals think; though the Paisley result may seem to indicate a desire on the part of some of the electors to forget and forgive. But says Lord Loreburn, "We are not obliged to choose between two gentlemen, one of whom muddled us into this ghastly war, and the other muddled us into a fruitless and mischievous peace." Referring to Mr. Asquith's claim to lead the party once more, Lord Loreburn adds:

He is the person primarily responsible for the diplomatic blundering and the subterranean methods of Government and for the Secret Treaties and for want of preparation before the war, and for the defective supplies during it. . . . Mr. Asquith also was the principal spokesman of Liberal imperialism, and he acquiesced in the knock-out blow. Nor did he say very much against the Russian policy until it became thoroughly unpopular. To see Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, Viscount Grey, Lord Crewe, and the rest again placed in a position of responsibility, is a thing one cannot contemplate.

But Mr. Asquith's Paisley speeches and his replies to his keen Scottish hecklers indicate clearly that the eventful history of the old Liberal imperialist has entered on a new phase in which a reconciliation may be brought about between the thick-and-thin supporters of Mr. Asquith, and numbers of the old-school Liberals who stuck to the party during the war—a body composed largely of men officially connected with the old organizations in the country. A noticeable change of feeling in the Liberal ranks followed the address given by Mr. Asquith to the Cambridge University Liberal Club on January 23. It is largely an appeal

—the first that has been made—to the forces that broke away from official Liberalism during the war.

"Liberalism," said Mr. Asquith, "aims at freedom and not at control, and it is against all forms of monopoly by whatever name or label or titles they may disguise themselves. Above all, its dominating purpose and aim is this: to assert the predominance of the interest of the community at large over that of every particular and class interest, whether it be small or whether it be great."

Surely these are strange phrases in the mouth of an old Liberal imperialist who had opportunity enough before the war of doing much to free English land from the throttling control of the monopolist. When it was a question of a particular class in Ireland, or the class interest of the landlord, the Church, or the brewer in England, then Mr. Asquith was all for compromise of a reactionary kind.

Contrast these words of Mr. Asquith's with those spoken by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman a few weeks before the General Election of 1916.

"What we shall do is to stop, or modify, or prevent spoliation, we shall treat everybody fairly, but we will make the public interests supreme. That, in a sentence, represents the governing principle of our policy. . . . We desire the development of our national resources, notably those which are to be found in the land itself, so as to arrest depopulation, to give freer access to the soil, and greater security and freedom of tenure. . . . They all affect the social and physical condition of the people, and our purpose is, in every step we take, to raise the standard of life, to equalise opportunities so far as law and custom can do it, and to build up for this old country of ours, and for the exercise of its responsibilities, a healthy, strong, moral, and intelligent people."

In other respects, too, the ideals of Mr. Asquith in 1920 fall not far short of those of his former leader.

Mr. Asquith returns to Parliament a staunch free-trader and an out-and-out opponent of all forms of bureaucratic control. "Artificial tariff walls," he said at Cambridge, "make the consumer poorer, impoverish the production and lower the level of the industrial life and activity of the nation." As to Ireland, he would "frankly abandon military rule and give to the Irish people, in the completest and fullest and most uncompromising form, the control over their own destinies and their own affairs."

Mr. Asquith's speech at Cambridge has been taken by many Liberals to indicate a change of heart and a sign of grace; a return to the principles of Liberalism expressed by Cobden and Campbell-Bannerman. It may indeed, mean this and more—perhaps Mr. Asquith has cast out the seven devils of imperialism! What he has to say now about the chaos engendered by secret diplomacy and imperialism, is, to say the least, surprising, having regard to the speaker's past record. His criticism of Lloyd George's Coalition is capable of a wider application:

" . . . We have now had fourteen months of so-called peace. In the general welter of the world at the moment there is no darker spot, there is no point more fertile in danger and possible disaster than Russia. Many charges may, I think, justly be brought against the Peace Conference. But in my judgment the heaviest indictment of them all is that while they were redistributing territories and repainting maps and imposing here and there and everywhere among our late enemies intolerable and impossible burdens,—I say and think the heaviest indictment of all is that they made no serious or sustained attempt to secure even the foundations and possibilities of peace with Russia. . . . You must leave to a vast community, with ancient history and traditions, and with a stirring, vigorous national life like Russia, without foreign or extraneous interference, the power of self-determination over her form of government."

This is plain, blunt language, and in the view of old-fashioned Liberalism, it is sound to the core. Describing the mess, muddle, and make-believe of the Peace Triumvirate, Mr. Asquith said:

"Now at last we have done what we ought to have done a

year ago. We have relieved the blockade, and after an infinitude of pusillanimous and misdirected vacillation between intervention upon one side and abstention upon the other, now at last it appears to be, if anything is settled, the settled policy of our Government to refuse any further to interfere. Why was it not done a year or six months ago? Could you have a better—I was going to say a worse—illustration of the drawbacks of a Coalition Government which is the natural resultant of forces operating with different degrees of effect at different moments of time? It is this zigzag, this series of compromises, improvisations, accommodations, insincerities, and inconsistencies which, I do not hesitate to say, has cost thousands of lives, millions of money, and—what is more serious than either—which has retarded and put back for months, and possibly for years, the resettlement of the European world."

This is a damaging indictment, not only of the Coalition Government, but of the Paris Conference, and the policy of the White House. But, it may be asked, where was Mr. Asquith a year or six months ago when he might most profitably have raised throughout the country the whole question of Russia? Why his long silence? It is not easy to give an answer.

Whether the revolution that is taking place in British politics means a new lease of life for the Liberalism of the old school cannot yet be determined. Perhaps the rank and file will want still more proof of a real change of heart and mind in their old leader. Be this as it may, one great advantage has been gained by Mr. Asquith's recent statements of policy and by his return to the House of Commons; it is this: the British Labour party will now be aware of a steadying influence, a competitive influence that will make for a clarification and definition of its own political policy and aim.

To us in the United States, Mr. Asquith's utterance, belated as it is, still shows the immeasurable disparity between the standards of leadership here and in England. So far no one has come forward in this country to interpret with one-tenth the courage and discernment of Mr. Asquith, the vast issues which lie between the people and their government. No American has come forward to declare, with him, that

"Liberalism is the subordination of every interest, the control of monopolies, the destruction of social and class privileges in our politics in the interests of the community as a whole. . ."

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

THE green and artless elements in Anglo-Saxondom are severely shocked by the decision of the Allies to leave the Turks in Constantinople. They seem to be under the impression that the "bag and baggage" policy was seriously contemplated on the customary high moral grounds, and that the Sultan would be peremptorily read out of Europe. But these excellent people are merely a little belated. They are thinking of the Turkish question in its nineteenth century terms. Now it is not the British Government, but the French Government which is to be held responsible for the renewal of the old policy of retaining the Porte in Europe. President Deschanel declares that in the Turkish settlement, "the interests, rights, and time-honored traditions of France in the Orient" must be safeguarded. Thus France has not only adopted the old British policy, but she also uses the very phraseology of the English Tories. Small wonder many people believe the new French President is merely the mouthpiece, in this case, of the British Foreign Office.

It is most important to understand that all through the nineteenth century there were in Britain two distinct parties interested in the problem of Turkey-in-Europe. The one so long represented by Cobden and

Bright was opposed to the policy of retaining the Porte in Constantinople. The other, the jingo party, represented by Canning and Palmerston, not only considered the Turkish power in Europe as an essential factor in Britain's general foreign policy, but also believed that the Turk would always keep Russia in check and thus, in particular, assist Great Britain's Indian policy. Lord Palmerston indeed believed the Turk to be a very fine fellow and had great faith in the future of Turkey; he was never moved by the stories of Turkish atrocities, and he considered the Christian population of the Ottoman Empire and their grievances as mere humbug. On the other hand, Aberdeen and Gladstone loathed the whole business of Turkish oppression, but they never formulated a firm policy; they temporized and compromised with the question, with the result that Palmerston always triumphed over them, and had the enthusiastic support of the English masses in the Crimean War. Coming to the Berlin Congress, one finds Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury adhering strictly to the British Foreign Office's policy. They entered into a series of secret engagements both with Russia and with Turkey. The revelations connected with these secret treaties published by a London evening paper, the *Globe*, created a scandal culminating in a political crisis. With regard to the Turkish secret agreement, the British Government guaranteed to Turkey her Asiatic possessions against an invasion, on condition that Turkey permitted England to occupy the Island of Cyprus. Lord Beaconsfield declared it to be the cardinal principle of his policy that England especially, England above all, was concerned to maintain the integrity and the independence of the Turkish Empire. He laid it down as the duty of English statesmen to maintain the security of Turkey as they would maintain the security of the Channel Islands. That was the chief feature of the "peace with honour" policy of Lord Beaconsfield; and he triumphed then over Mr. Gladstone, as, at the time of the Crimean War, Lord Palmerston triumphed over Aberdeen, Cobden, and Bright.

Time, the dread foe of the propagandists, has now brought out the chief reason why Russia entered the war in 1914. The letters of Sazonov to the Tsar make it clear that the objective was Constantinople; the question of control of the Straits was the supreme one for Russia. But this demand of Russia meant a reversal of the whole British policy connected with Turkey, for the Sultans always claimed the right to exclude foreign ships of war from the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles. From the time of the Treaty of 1809 down to 1912, Great Britain in a long succession of agreements always confirmed "the ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" forbidding vessels of war at all times to enter the "Canal of Constantinople."

But the Russia of Sazonov and Isvolsky is dead and gone; it has no further concern with Allied policy, and now the high moral motives of the Allied Powers may function upon Turkey without let or hindrance. Yes, but is it to be imagined by anyone who will take the trouble to read the secret treaties affecting the redistribution of near Eastern territory, that England and France can now dispense with the Sultan at Constantinople and neutralize the Straits? By no means, it is more necessary than ever now to keep what Lloyd George called in 1914 "a human cancer—a creeping agony of the flesh," the Turk, the old guardian of British interests, at Constantinople. Where in the nineteenth century there were one or two reasons for

keeping him there, the secret treaties now cropping up show reasons by the score. One has but to remember the complicated problem of Syria, the perplexing question of the Archipelago and the mainland, where at least five Powers are concerned very gravely in the business of allotting spheres of interest which overlap and thwart one another's claims. No one knows better than Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay that the Straits have two sides, and that Turkey in Asia might, with the assistance of the new Russia, turn out desperately bad for Allied interests in Asia Minor. Moreover, and above all, they know that the new Russia would be the Power to gain enormously in maritime and commercial strength if the Straits were neutralised. Such are the sweet and pleasant realities of the situation which modern secret diplomacy has created. Economic imperialism, initiated and fostered by secret treaties, means territorial aggrandizement and the subjection of native races; to carry out such a policy effectively, armies and navies are indispensable. "Strategy must respond to policy, the policy of the Foreign Office," as Lord Haldane stated the case. Of course, what does it matter, except by way of electioneering cant and humbug, whether one calls the policy by such names as "policing" or "mandatories"? The result is always the same. So, if Britain, France, Italy and Greece, are to share, with as little friction as possible, the Asia Minor cake, the Sultan must remain in Constantinople, with all his old power to close the Straits against naval vessels when the Allies have a row. The Black Sea must remain a Russian lake, now that the new economic policies of Russia threaten the commercial spheres of the Allies in the Mediterranean.

So much for the political possibilities of the future. The present fact, the potent and determining fact, however, is the one courageously brought out by Bishop Darlington before a mass meeting held in New York at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—a meeting held, so the press-reports say "in spite of a strong hint from Washington that it would be advisable not to hold it at the present time for fear of embarrassing our Allies." The Bishop brought back from abroad information that millions of Turkish bonds would become worthless unless some kind of lien were placed upon Constantinople; and that from sixty to sixty-five per cent of these bonds are held by French investors.

There you have it,—the French investor, the same international factor whose interests turned the Allies against Russia and were responsible for the long, criminal and fatuous course of attempted aggression and exploitation. It should be clear to everyone, as it seems to be clear to Bishop Darlington, that this near-Eastern affair is purely a "dollars and cents business," and that such is the only business any Foreign Office is interested in. The only place in Europe where sentiment is never permitted is a chancellery. The unsophisticated should learn this. They may weep over the Armenian, the Syrian, the Georgian, the Greek, and the Egyptian—weep until, indeed, they wash away their own responsibility for massacre, subjugation and exploitation; but not a tear of theirs will ever leak into a Foreign Office in Europe. Why not suggest that they dry their eyes and weep no more, but devote their energy to a salutary study of the essential nature of political government whereby alone they can comprehend the anomalies and inconsistencies that now distress them. It is simply preposterous to wail about the Turkish treatment of the Armenians, for instance, as so many excellent persons are now doing, and, at the same time to assent to the European foreign policy of economic imperial-

ism, to which alone such atrocities are due. The subject races of Asia Minor may well say "We appreciate your tears, but we would rather have your practical help against the system of economic exploitation that you are all supporting. If you will abolish that, you will automatically reform the foreign policy of your own Governments, and then, both you and we will have something less to weep over."

THE CASE FOR HUMAN NATURE.

WHEN the housemaid broke the crock and blamed the cat she created a precedent that has been followed to this day by housemaids of all nationalities. Unfortunately, the precedent has been adopted by servants more highly paid than housemaids as a class are even now apt to be, so that one now finds statesmen, diplomats, and editors resorting to her subterfuge in blaming "human nature" for ruining their pet policies. This expedient for shifting responsibility from the shoulders of political and ecclesiastical rulers, which has been in vogue ever since the day when Aaron cast "the other lot for the scapegoat," is being challenged on the score of inefficiency, apparently, for it somehow fails to carry off "iniquities unto a land not inhabited." This system of loading transgressions upon the head of the scapegoat is all very well as a ceremonial, but as a practical method, experience seems to show that it does not by any means come up to the prospectus. It is one thing to put sins on the head of the scapegoat, and quite another thing to make them stick there. The trouble is they do not stick there. They fall off again at once, and the scapegoat goes off about the freedom which he has obtained under scandalously false pretences.

So it has eminently been with the scapegoats of Europe which have been severally sent by the Aarons of this century into the wilderness. They have with such unfailing regularity played hookey that one cannot help feeling that the mechanics of transgression-shirking ought to be revised and brought down to date. From Napoleon and Pitt to Kruger and the Mad Mullah our responsible authorities had invested heavily in a long procession of scapegoats, without receiving any dividends worth talking about; and yet in the autumn of 1914 the undiscouraged high priests of the Allies selected the Kaiser for the journey into the wilderness. Then, when the scapegoat showed an obstinate reluctance against service, they turned their attention temporarily to the head of the House of Hapsburg, and fared no better. Then some genius among them thought of Ferdinand, the autocrat of Bulgaria; and so on from one eligible monarch to another, until they had about exhausted all the material that Europe had in stock. But death and abdication and one accident or another came in to interfere with the due ceremonial proprieties, when suddenly, providentially, appeared the real thing in scapegoats—Lenin! Here was a find; and everyone was so sure of his eligibility and competence that they promptly placed upon his head all the transgressions they could think of—enough, indeed, to clear the whole political cosmos of the iniquity of ages past and to come. The vicarious sacrifice was made—made in a hurry, too, for there was no time to lose—and the figure of political morality and virtue, which had seemed to be getting a little swaybacked under the burdens, straightened up again and held its head high and unflinching, ready for any challenge.

But unhappily—well, the story is an open book, so

why rehearse its disappointing upshot here? The scapegoat business has been regretfully abandoned as showing altogether too low an average of efficiency, and instead of sending into the wilderness a burden-bearer of collective sin, it is suggested that the case for sin and sinners alike is pretty hopeless and that after all, probably, nothing much can be done but leave them as they are and say as little about them as possible. It is poor old, recreant, incorrigible human nature that is to blame, and this discovery of our high priests has been promulgated more in sorrow than in anger. One says, "it is useless to reform anything while human nature is what it is." This counsel of despair seems to show that the diplomatic mind, in its virtue and in its disinterestedness, is overcome with disillusion and despondency. Another says, "we are all barbarians at heart," and one perceives at once the futility of every substitutionary effort since the days of Aaron. An editor of one of our great dailies tells us, "The painful events of the last eighteen months have somewhat dashed our hopes of being able to reform humanity this year. All of us wish to end war, all of us know its horrors, but few of us have sufficient faith in human nature to believe that any given set of arrangements will make war impossible." There it is; so human nature, not Wilhelm or Franz Josef or even Lenin—hard as it is to part with him—has been at the bottom of all this terrible business. Human nature reversed the foreign policies of Europe; it made all the secret treaties; it schemed to form the armament and financial rings which have thrived in Europe since the year 1892; it lured the European government into Africa. It was human nature that deliberately made a false profession of fighting to overthrow militarism, autocracy, dictatorship, and bureaucracy; its promises of democracy, freedom, and peace were wilful deception. It fostered revolution in Russia, and made a Foreign Minister of Trotzky. It rejected the armistice terms agreed to by the belligerents, and drafted a military peace now admitted to be unworkable. It blasted the Fourteen Points to smithereens and sent rates of exchange on a downward course, the end of which no man can see. It raised the cost of living to the breaking-point, imposed egregiously unjustifiable taxation, and by consequence, spread discontent and unrest all through the masses who work for their living. On the spiritual side, it made jingoes of many leading pacifists, it turned liberals from the path of progress, it prolonged the war, insisted on the "knockout blow" and the blockade. It is human nature that is responsible for war, pestilence, and hunger; all the death and devastation in Europe is properly chargeable to human nature "being what it is."

One should refrain from forming hasty conclusions, but still, these suggestions seem to bear many earmarks of an alibi. Perhaps perversity, perhaps an inveterate partiality for human nature, perhaps something a little more substantial than either, counsels caution about accepting them. Surely neither statesman nor editor would suggest that any European people (human nature) had anything to say about the making of this war, or any of the wars that have arisen in its wake. In what way were the people of Europe (human nature) responsible for the outbreak of hostilities? The documents and the secret treaties indicate that all told, including statesmen, diplomats, military and naval staff officers, not more than five hundred persons at the very outside figure, had anything to say about the business. Never since warfare began has human nature had so little to do with

the policy of making war and prolonging war. Not one general election in a belligerent country took place in Europe during the war; human nature had no effective chance to express itself. But one notices that all the Premiers, Chancellors, and Foreign Ministers, of the Governments that entered the fray in 1914 were driven from office with commendable promptness at the earliest opportunity and that President Wilson owes his official existence to the lucky accident of a fixed term.

Thus the case for human nature, on examination, is not so bad as it might be. One gets a distinct impression that human nature will stand a better chance of working out its own salvation if statesmen, diplomats, and editors will do it the one inestimable service of leaving it alone. The present pessimism of the press makes a curious contrast with the fulsome optimism which appeared constantly in its editorial columns a year or so ago. Editors now despair of human nature because the peace treaty will not work; but bless you, the peace treaty was made in secret, and human nature never got within shouting distance of the little camarilla of half a dozen gentlemen who knaved it into shape. One reads that "the plan which might have done a good deal to make wars less frequent has been mishandled. We did not get and we could not have got a peace that would end war. We wanted it so badly that we once thought it possible; but we have learned something since then." Well, without prejudice, one may remark that precious few who now say they wanted it so badly did anything very noteworthy for it at the only time when such efforts had a chance of counting.

This ingenious notion of making human nature its own scapegoat is apt to fail: for in the past, human nature, in the shape of living human beings, has only too willingly submitted to the ignominy of being the scapegoat for ministers, diplomatists, armament-makers and propagandists. There are indications that it has found the part to be tedious and unprofitable, and that it is ready to propose a change. Human nature is getting a little tired of economic imperialism abroad and economic exploitation at home. It has begun to see the fundamental place of those hoary iniquities in the political systems whose collision brought Europe to ruin. When the time comes, it is quite probable that human nature will give an extremely good account of itself in dealing with them, in spite of all the despondent forecasts of those who now distrust it.

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Editors—FRANCIS NELSON and ALBERT JAY NOCK. Published weekly by THE FREEMAN, INC., B. W. Huebsch, President, 32 West 58th street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; In the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. Copyright, 1920, by The Freeman, Inc. Application for entry as second-class matter at the post-office at New York, N. Y., pending.

RICHARD DEHMEL.

WHEN a dispatch from Hamburg announced a few weeks ago, in three lines, the death of Richard Dehmel, probably very few realized that a man had passed away who represented as no other contemporary poet the vision and aspiration of our time.

The history of nations and the life of individuals is great in proportion to the values of art which they have wrought from reality and imagination and which they project into the future as a picture, a statue or a song. These are the conquered stars caught in the folds of their banners. Art is life's essence, validity and affirmation. The significance of Dehmel to Germany lies in the fact that he personifies the spiritual struggle of the youth of its present generation. To the Neo-romanticists, to Stefan George, Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, to Rainer Maria Rilke and their followers, poetry is an art to be mastered; to Dehmel it is the sifting of life's terrible adventure into art. To them a poem is an attitude; to Dehmel it is a fate. If there ever was an autobiographical record and a fearless analysis of man's inmost striving and final peace it is to be found in the ten volumes of Dehmel's poems. As no other poet of our time he might have placed as a motto at the head of his works Ibsen's relentless postulate: "To be a poet is to pass judgment upon one's inner self."

Dehmel affirms life with all its conflicts. It is in those poems of his where he liberates himself from its confusions and contradictions into a great shining calm that he reaches the acme of his purest lyrical expression. His spirit reached the tranquility of these heights out of great depths of agony and despair. He found the supreme reconciliation with life, not by seeking refuge in any romantic compromise between the past and the present in order to alleviate the burden of a complex existence; in reality and its all-encompassing meaning he found his ecstasy. His early work is not dedicated in the Apollonian spirit. The element of sex formed a large part in the mental struggles of the young, somewhat over-reflective Dehmel. Many of the poems of his early period are flaming offerings on the altar of Eros and Dionysos, and the deliverance from out this tumult of the blood, into harmony and clearness of spirit, has given to us some of the most poignant and tender love lyrics, as the poem, "Into the Vastness" with its far-reaching intimations of love's eternity:

You that are nearer than the senses can divine,
You my fulfiller,
Slumbering one:
O dream yourself into my thirsty veins,
And feel my heart burn from out mine eyes,
And see the stars multiply above me,
And taste the manna of this boundless night,
The scents that yearn from field to forest and far cloud,
And hear the wind of the world breathing with me my
sacred song,
You, echo mine!

Already in Dehmel's first volume, which bears the title "Redemptions," four lines convey the severity of his attitude toward life and his determination to overcome and direct its various forces according to his will:

*Rechne ab mit den Gewalten
In dir, um dich. Sie ergeben
Zweierlei: wirst du das Leben,
Wird das Leben dich gestalten?*

As in Hauptmann, who with Dehmel is artistically the most potent creative force in Germany today, the social conscience is a dominant note in his poetry. He at one time repudiated being a socialist, as unquestionably Hauptmann would have done. Yet no one who has witnessed one of Dehmel's recitations before an audience of workmen will ever forget the mythical power which he wields over the minds of this class. In his poem, "The Workingman," he gave

many years before the war to the German proletariat their most incisive revolutionary poem:

We have a bed, we have a child
My wife!
And work have we, both you and I,
And sun and rain and a wind-swept sky,
Only a little thing lack we,
To make us free as the birds are free:
Time, only Time!

When through the Sabbath-fields we go,
My child,
And over the ripe sheaves far and nigh
The swift, blue swallow-folk flash by,
What matter we lack a fine array,
To make us gay as the birds are gay?
Time, only Time!

Time only! We scent the coming storm,
We folk:
Only a slight eternity;
My wife, my child, now naught lack we
But that which through us thrives to gold,
To make us bold as the birds are bold.
Time, only Time!¹

As he stood before an immense audience of workmen, his deeply furrowed face, with its scars of a thousand sufferings and ecstasies, rose over the surging multitude with the pallor of a mask, half-satyr, half-Christ. He begins to recite his poem, "The Workingman," in a sonorous, dispassionate voice. He does not accentuate, he makes no gestures. And suddenly when the words ring out:

*"Nur Zeit! Wir wittern Gewitterwind,
Wir Volk!"*

the poem is no longer his, they tear it from him, they seize it, it is theirs and they carry it in their hearts like a flag which he has unfurled for them.

In the great triad of dynamic poets, Nietzsche, Whitman and Dehmel, the latter stands closer to Whitman than to the Anti-Christ. To Nietzsche the masses were good enough to furnish a picturesque background for the great, "as for the rest, the devil and statistics may take them." Dehmel, no less a believer in the aristocracy of the spirit, also knows that the revelation is granted on the mountains. But unlike Nietzsche who wandered on from peak to peak, Dehmel descends into the valley to bring to his people the images wrought out of the ardour of his vision. He said somewhere, "Ultimately it is art that must be given to the people as a substitute for religion." He shares with the great solitary one of Sils-Maria the belief in the evolution of man, without however requiring the super-man. Once, when questioned about his view of Nietzsche's line: "I love him who desires to create beyond himself and thus perisheth," he answered: "I don't like such blunderers. Every engine creates beyond itself and thus perisheth." He gave expression to his religion in the simple confession: God is the man whom we seek as our goal.

Dehmel is firmly rooted in the realities of life, he has tasted too deeply of its bitterness and sweetness not to affirm it in its totality. The dramatically moving poem "The Harp" stands as the supreme symbol of his final triumph over the yearning for isolation and solitude in his conquest of world-love. It was this passion for reality that impelled him, a man of fifty-two years of age, to offer his services as a humble private at the beginning of the war. The evolution of ideas throughout his war-diary, published in 1918, again shows his impulse toward the whole of humanity. In spite of his unshaken conviction of the justice of his nation's cause, this diary bears the significant title: "Between Nation and Mankind."

The poet once defined art as the rhythmic formulation of life into a harmonious symbol of the world. To this task of the artist he remained faithful through-

¹ The three beautiful translations here given, conveying so sensitively the spirit of the originals, are the work of Leonora Speyer, and "The Workingman" is here reprinted by courtesy of the Nation.

out his life. He saw in the creative act the meaning and justification of existence, the spending of all love, the healing of all pain.

Dehmel is now silent. His poetry which he gave not to his nation only but to the world, will be heard long after him, for the world is beginning to recognize in him one of those who bear burning torches. His poem "On the Shore," written many years ago, bears more closely on the occasion of his death than his sombre "Prayer at Night." The transcendent quietude spreading over the vast landscape of its lines, is the poet's own peace after the tumult of the day, after the strife of a life-time:

The world is hushed, your blood still calls;
Into its shining chasm falls
The distant day,—

It shudders not; the glow surrounds
The highest land, the wide sea sounds
The distant night,—

It wavers not; a tiny star
Leaps from the flood, you drink the far
Eternal light!

HANS TRAUSIL.

POETRY.

THE HARP.

Translated from the German of Richard Dehmel.

Unquiet stand the pines in lofty rows,
The clouds roll on from east to west, unseeking;
Silent and hurried, nest-ward fly the crows,
Hollow from dusky boughs the wood is speaking,
And hollow sounds my step.

Here have I walked before this self-same hill,
Before I knew the storm of such desire,
You called primeval-voiced across the still,
My arms stretched toward the infinite, reached higher,
O giant stems around!"

Through the wide-stretching space gray trunks are seen,
Hardly a stirring, hour on changing hour,
And sweeping through their coronets of green,
Presses, restrained, the urge of sonorous power,
As then.

And like an earth-god's lifted hand one seems,
Split to the shaping of five mighty fingers,
Gold to its spreading brown-gold roots it gleams,
High over all the rigid stems it lingers,
The old, the lonely.

Through those five fingers swirls a stubborn fight,
Fingers that strain and clutch in high air swinging,
And through the tops convulsed in windy height,
They seem to tear with fervour at the ringing
Notes of a haunted harp.

And from the harp there sounds a heavenly tone,
A song spreads on, from east to west, unseeking,
The song that since my boyhood I have known,
Hollow from dusky boughs the wood is speaking,
Come, tempest, grant my prayer!

Long have I yearned another hand to take,
A hand that mated to my heart's desire,
And strained each finger till it seemed to break,
For none could clasp that searching hand entire!
Then to a fist I clenched it!

For I have battled, fervent, unafraid,
'Twixt God and beast, weaponed with every yearning,
And now I stand and view the journey made,

² Dehmel has been translated into French by Henri Guilbeaux, Henri Albert and others; into Russian by Lydia Lepeschkin; into Italian by Bruno Vignola and into English by Jethro Bithell. A new and more representative English translation is in preparation.

And in my soul one fervour still is burning
Toward all the world.

Come, storm of storms, shake now these rigid rows!
Primeval tumult, let me too be blown!
In huddled panic, nest-ward fly the crows.
Give me the strength to be alone,
O world!

LEONORA SPEYER.

A TRIBUTE.

LISTENING to such wizards as Paderewski, Busoni, D'Albert, Pugno, Pachmann, Lamonde, Carreño, and the rest, I have often wondered what it feels like to be a successful pianist. Sometimes I have envied that earth-wandering tribe—until I remembered the tragedy of the interpretative artist, who creates only in the citadel of his intelligence, and in the memories of those who have heard him perform. For he sits down to the great rosewood box, knowing that it will ultimately be the coffin of his own artistic personality.

All other instrumentalists are equally fated; but the ponderousness of the piano seems to make it more apparent. One cannot hug a Bechstein grand as Kreisler caresses his violin, or Casals his 'cello. But I can imagine shadowy fiddlers in the other world. In "The Good-humoured Ladies" (that most exquisite of the choreographic creations of Diaghileff and Massine) there is a violin player, a cloaked and hooded grotesque who bends and bows in a sort of impassioned lullaby for the old Italian Count who is drowsing in his chair. And that fantastic figure, remembered in the aureole of Scarlatti's music, haunts me like the thought of Death himself.

But it is difficult to visualize a concert-grand among the drifting dead; one is too conscious of the heaving and hoisting and shuffling of men carrying a heavy load through doorways and corridors. There may be harpsichords in Hades—who knows? But what hopes can the psychic investigators offer the leonine kings of the modern key-board? The virtuosity of a Paganini may be shrilling away among the shades—but death has but one consolation for Richard Buhlig; he will not be compelled to play on a Chappell piano. Neither will he find it necessary to compete with compilers of meretricious programmes. Not that Buhlig is ever likely to make any concessions to the popular taste for fireworks and sentimentality;—that is why I am taking this opportunity of testifying my admiration for a great artist who has lived in New York for more than three years without receiving anything like adequate recognition.

Buhlig was widely known in London, where I first heard him in 1913. I was deeply impressed by his rendering of César Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue: I was fascinated by his complete understanding of Debussy's atmospheric tone-pictures. He seemed to be equipped not only with a masterful technique, but with an individuality of mind. In other words, he had something definite to say; he was not only a digital magician; he had a profound message which he was already beginning to express.

Hearing him again in America this year, I realized at once the significance of his development since 1913. More than ever I felt that he was transcending mere technique; he has passed that concern which is evident in most pianists, a preoccupation with surfaces and methods of production. His genius is now austere, sublimated—a little sombre, perhaps (it was noticeable in his playing of Mozart), but filled with imagination and poetic beauty. In his rendering of Brahms' Händel Variations, he reminded me of passages in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and of the splendour of light that flares on rugged mountains.

Anyone who described his playing as dull or too intellectual would inevitably say the same of Bach's noblest masterpieces. That is the severest comment I can make on the fact that the hall was only three parts filled when I heard Buhlig play in New York.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE ITALIAN TRAGEDY.

SIRS:—Looking from my study window I can see almost every point of historical interest in the valley of the Arno—that land where liberty was preserved in the city guilds through the Dark Ages, as foodstuffs are preserved in tins. From here can be seen the tower in which Galileo learned and explained the universe; the church of San Marco where Savonarola arose to power, and the Piazza Signoria where he was done to death; the flower-like Campanile of Giotto, the first church built by the friars of St. Francis; every church in Florence; and the high tower of the council chamber of the mediæval Republic. Hence close by can be seen the Villa Medici where Lorenzo assembled his followers in imitation of the discussions of Socrates, and a green square called the Field of Mars where modern Italian soldiers are being trained.

The outlook is as wide as that seen from an observation balloon and it comprises so much of a land that is of such interest philosophically, historically, politically, ecclesiastically, and even financially, that it is almost bewildering in the thoughts which are induced. Yet as I look over this vast panorama, I feel more its present sadness than its past fame. The country is stricken with poverty; the people, so amiable and so polite, are in dire want or in passive revolt, as a result of the war. The prices of necessities are more than quadrupled. The railwaymen and the tramwaymen are on strike, as were the other day also the postal officials, for the sole purpose of attempting to exact wages which may bear some proportion to the increased cost of living. This seemingly smiling country is really on the verge of tears.

Let us see how this has come about. In the years preceding the war, Italy was well on the way to become a wealthy land. Apart from her great agricultural wealth, she was well on the road to great industrial success. Northern Italy was prospering. Central Italy, Tuscany especially, was coming to the fore with its cotton factories. Machinery and other enterprises were beginning to succeed. There are factories now all along the Arno from Florence to the sea. *Carbone bianco*, or water power, which is abundant, was about to be utilized to make up for the lack of coal. Had Armageddon not happened it is likely that in twenty years time this country would have become one of the finest producing lands in Europe, for she has an immense reserve of untrained labor. Moreover, unlike France, she has a rapidly growing population.

The tragedy of Italy is in this, and I beg that you in America will realize it, that Italy had no interest in the war and her people certainly did not desire it. When the war broke out, I was up in the mountains among the people, all of whom were very good friends of mine. I knew their thoughts almost as I knew my own. While they retained some of their old hatred of Austria, this feeling was much mitigated by Austria's offer of the Trentino at the outbreak of the war. This bit of territory was after all the only point of contention between the two countries, though the more extreme Nationalists claimed Trieste.

The Italians while having a human sympathy for France in the trouble which was overwhelming her, had no feeling against Germany. On the contrary the Germans had done much to remake Italy both by capital invested here and through their capacity in organization. Some of the commercial middle class were it is true, anti-German, but that was merely trade-jealousy. It certainly may be stated that the work-people and the aristocracy were if anything sympathetic to Germany.

Then came the bribes offered by France and England to induce Italy to throw in her lot on the side of the Allies—bribes of the cheapest kind, for both powers offered Italy land which was not their own! The Dalmatian coast, a new African colony, etc.—such was the Pact of London.

Now Italy, after a war in which she made heroic sacrifices of her youth and treasure, finds herself as nearly

ruined as a great country can be, the depletion of her wealth greater than that of any of the Allies, and the promises by which she was induced to enter into the field dishonoured. This is the whole cause of the Fiume crisis as well as of the social revolution which is being inaugurated by repeated strikes. While these strikes are primarily caused by the high cost of living it is undoubtedly a fact that they have a semi-political character. It is expected to bring about a passive revolution by this means, one modelled on the Russian Soviets. Lenin is a popular hero among the masses. Though I do not in any way fear a violent upheaval, the process of the decay of authority progresses, and must increase until some drastic measures are taken to clear the burden of debt.

This is the tragedy of Italy: having been led by others into a strife which has financially ruined her, while she sees those who tempted her benefiting in at least a great extension of their dominions. While all European countries which took part in the war are economically on the road to bankruptcy, Italy is much farther on that road than the others and only by some such heroic measure as conscription of capital can she be saved. But how is a government largely supported by the capitalist class to institute such remedies? As the Italians say "*Chi sa?*" I am, etc.

FRANCIS VANE, of Hutton.

Villa San Marino, Fiesole.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

SIRS:—It seems to me that all our independent periodicals are basing their efforts on the theory that whatever is to be done must be the fruit of governmental action. They are shoving with their whole weight in the direction of a more nearly centralized nation and a more nearly socialized system of production. Now it seems obvious that unless we make certain fundamental changes in the State, the more power you give it the less power the people hold, and the less their wishes are considered. The aim of every reformer, if he knows what he is about, is to secure a larger life for the individual, and man does not live by bread alone. If the heaven of a certain one of your contemporaries is a mechanized existence (and in reading it one can discern no other paradise) I'm against it. Personal liberty at all costs, rather than comfort under benevolent autocracy. Your contemporary recognizes that we have an autocracy and that it is bad. It says to us, 'Come, let us make this autocracy benevolent, and it will thereafter serve us.' Right here I object and exclaim, "Alas, there is no virtue in them!"

We have gained political liberty. What we want now is emancipation from industrial masters. Whatever political oppression still exists is only a reflection of capitalistic fear. To put more authority in the hands of the law-makers by depending on them to right our difficulties is to bolster this capitalistic authority. It controls the State. Its reforms, when they arrive, will be palliatives, and it will continue to exploit us as a nation of neat and nimble slaves. It was Thomas Jefferson who put into the Constitution whatever good it has, and he was a doubter and a near-bolshevik. He believed in the individual and he did not trust centralized political mechanism. Perhaps the best field open to a weekly is the advocacy of personal rights as opposed to public and controlled policies. Why should the mob or its leaders always have their way with a free man? A government is always on the side of the powers that be; and the citizen is always flattened by its processes. The hope for the man is in co-operative economic action, not in governmental regulation of corporations and prices. The hope for the child is in being taught at home instead of by the usual sausage-stuffing process of the school, whereby he is filled with a miscellaneous assortment of odds-and-ends, exploited by fads of all kinds, but never taught or encouraged to think for himself. I am, etc.,

M. A.

SOVIETS AND SOCIAL THEORY.

THE world is talking a great deal in these days about bolshevism and soviet government; but I am afraid that most of those who talk about these things make very little attempt to understand the theory or the forces behind them. They habitually speak of "soviets" and "bolshevism" as if they were interchangeable terms; and, without descending to those abysses of journalism and politics in which "bolshevism" means simply any democratic or working-class movement which the speaker or writer does not happen to like, it is easy to find quite reputable persons talking the most arrant nonsense on the subject. The explanation may be partly that the peoples of the world have been kept in artificial ignorance about events in Russia and Hungary, where the most sensational developments of soviets and bolshevism have taken place; but this is not a good enough excuse for the many, even among Socialists and working-class leaders, who do not hesitate to decry and abuse indiscriminately movements which they have never troubled to understand.

Soviets are not identical with bolshevism, and do not necessarily imply the dominance of bolshevik theories and policies. Soviets have, it is true, formed most convenient instruments through which bolshevism has been able to put its theories into practice; but this does not any more make soviets identical with bolshevism than large-scale production, which was capitalism's opportunity, can be identified with capitalism.

We can, then, discuss the theory and the forces underlying the soviets without at the same time discussing bolshevism. We can try to discover what is the essence of the soviet form of association, and what accounts for its dramatic emergence upon the scene of history.

What are the characteristics of the soviet as a form of human grouping? That these groups are spontaneous and economic is obvious; but these two characteristics are not enough to explain their essential character. Trade-unionism, as we know it in almost all industrial countries, is a spontaneous economic movement, even if age has now robbed it of some of its spontaneity. But the soviet is distinct and different from the trade-union, and even from such a group of trade-unions as the Triple Industrial Alliance in Great Britain, which concerns itself with "direct action." The most distinctive feature of the soviet organisation is that it is based upon the workshops and "natural" units of industry, and that its structure rests finally upon the factory-committee or its equivalent. A workers' soviet groups and represents workers, not according to their trade, but primarily according to their place of work. Its real basis and source of strength is that it takes men as it finds them working together, and uses the "natural" comradeship of the works as the nucleus of its whole organisation. Similarly a peasants' soviet is based on the agricultural community of the village, and a soldiers' soviet upon the natural grouping of the regiment and the regimental committee.

Remember that I am here describing the soviet, not as bolshevism or as any other ism has made it, but as it sprang spontaneously into being in the early days of revolution in Russia, in Hungary, and in Germany. Its structure may have been modified since in all sorts of ways to suit particular circumstances. Non-industrial or non-vocational voting qualifications may have been introduced; special

provision may have been made for the representation of women, or political propagandist bodies, or other classes of voters. But the fact remains that the essential basis of soviet-organisation is the natural grouping of men round the place which is the common centre of their working life, and therefore of the industrial and proletarian, or agricultural and peasant, consciousness.

The "common place of work" is the natural basis of soviet-organisation. When it leaves this natural unit, it leaves the method of direct election and adopts that of indirect election. The local soviet sends its delegates to the provincial or regional soviet, the provincial to the national. In theory the persons thus indirectly chosen are delegates rather than representatives, though, here as elsewhere, the line is hard to draw in practice. But the attempt is usually made to preserve the democratic basis by allowing for recall of delegates, and the failure to do this in Germany seems responsible for much of the dissatisfaction with the work of the Central Soviet Committee in that country.

It is upon this method of indirect election to the "soviets" covering the larger areas that critics of the more reputable sort largely direct their fire. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, for instance, suggests that indirect election may lead to jobbery and corruption, apparently oblivious of the existence of such things in directly elected bodies. I confess that for most types of elected body covering so large an area as that of a whole nation, indirect election seems to me preferable to direct election; for if direct election is used, the remoteness of the elected person from his constituents is a serious barrier to democratic control, whereas with indirect election each elected person always has a body of "constituents" close at hand to criticise him; if the democratic character of the local body is properly assured, and if the right of recall is strictly preserved, democracy at each subsequent stage is likely to follow. The indirect election practiced under the soviet system seems to me to follow logically upon the adoption of the natural unit of the place of work as the basis of the whole organisation.

Be it noted that I have been so far speaking throughout not of bolsheviks, but of soviets. There is no final and necessary reason why soviets should hold bolshevik opinions, and indeed neither in Germany nor in Russia were the soviets at first bolshevik. The bolshevik capture of the soviets in Russia was the first act of the second revolution, and it is the fear of a complete communist capture of their German equivalents that makes the German Government so anxious to keep them under.

But, while there is no necessary connection, and while a soviet system might exist without any bolshevik tendency, it is easy to see why the soviets have been the levers of bolshevik revolution. The first tenet of bolshevism is the "dictatorship of the proletariat," and its watchword is the Marxian summons—"Workers of the world, unite." That is to say, it seeks to achieve the overthrow of capitalism by creating among the workers a counter-organization of society strong enough to destroy capitalism and to assume power in its place. It declares war not only upon the economic structure of capitalism, but also upon the State, which it regards as the protector of private property and the political expression of capitalism's economic dominance. It therefore desires to find, or to found, purely proletarian organizations strong enough not only to overthrow the

existing order, but to administer society when it has been overthrown.

The soviet, as a natural and purely proletarian grouping of the workers on a communal basis, provides exactly the instrument which bolshevism requires. It is not, like trade-unionism, primarily professional in character, and does not divide the workers off into distinct industrial or trade-groups over a wide area. Instead, it concentrates and unifies them locally into organizations capable of assuming control not only of industry, but of administration generally.

Accordingly, Bolsheviks, Spartacists, Communists—the Extreme Left in all its manifestations—have used every effort to secure control of the soviets, and have in great measure succeeded in making the soviet form their own. In Russia, and for a time in Hungary, soviets have actually become the depositories of political as well as industrial authority; and in Germany a growing pressure succeeded not merely in obtaining the recognition of soviets in the constitution of the new republic, but for a real division of powers and functions between them and the political organization of society. Bolshevik theory, or course, which claims “all power for the soviets,” would accept no such division for in its eyes all forms of organization which are not purely proletarian are capitalist and must be utterly destroyed.

Such a theory demands consideration from two different points of view. Bolshevism is the creed of men who not merely believe in violent revolution, but assume that the change from capitalism to industrial democracy will be catastrophically accomplished. If this belief were correct, and where it is correct, it seems in fact probable if not certain that the sudden and complete change involved would carry with it the overthrow or putting out of action, of all the existing instruments of government in the society of to-day, including the State itself. The revolutionaries would thus be faced with the alternative of either improvising new machinery in the thick of the revolution or utilizing as organs of government the working-class organizations, such as soviets, trade-unions and co-operative societies, which would survive almost unscathed, and perhaps greatly strengthened, through the revolution. In view of the fact that the successful improvisation of a brand-new constitution on quite new principles is almost impossible in the middle of a revolution, and that any half-heartedness is only likely to bring the counter-revolution into being, the revolutionaries in a proletarian revolution will in almost any case be driven to adopt the second alternative, and to construct, as a temporary measure, an instrument of government based on proletarian organization. Wherever soviets existed, the soviet form would obviously suggest itself as the most suitable for the purpose, and the temptation to demand “all power” for them would be almost irresistible for any thorough-going revolutionary.

This does not imply that any such form of government would be permanent, or that it would be intended by its sponsors to be permanent. The “dictatorship of the proletariat” is a phrase which has a meaning only while there exists a proletariat to dictate or be dictated to; and the object of bolsheviks and of all socialist revolutionaries is to abolish classes altogether. The soviet, then, if it survived as a permanent organ of government, would do so not as an instrument of class-rule, but on its merits as a form of governmental organization.

In other words, if we assume the “great change” to have been successfully accomplished, and economic classes to have been abolished in favor of an equalitarian society, the question of soviets becomes a question of concrete political theory, no longer complicated by the issues in which it is involved under capitalism. The question would then be not “Are soviets the best instruments for carrying out and maintaining the revolution?” but “Are soviets, under the social and economic conditions of the new era, the best form of social organization?” “Is it better,” men would then ask, “to adopt as the unit of organization the natural grouping of men around their place of work, or to return to the old liberal idea of universal suffrage and the geographical constituency directly choosing its representatives in national, as well as local, elections, or is there some third plan which either combines these two, or is better than either of them?” That is a practical problem, to which, in the new society, it would be possible to seek an answer without the heat which any discussion now engenders.

In short, the case for and against the soviet has to be argued on two different grounds, first on that of revolutionary expediency, in relation to its use as an instrument of and for revolution, and secondly as a question of political theory, in relation to its permanent place in society. In this second aspect, there is no reason why it should not find favor among persons who have no sympathy with bolshevism and no desire for a revolution in the catastrophic sense. Many non-bolshevik observers have come back from Russia and Hungary with a firm conviction that, no matter what may happen to bolshevism, soviets have come to stay, because they arise naturally among men under present conditions and provide a means of popular self-expression far superior to any secured by liberal ‘democracy’ of the accepted type. This theoretic case for and against the soviet, quite apart from any question of bolshevism, deserves fuller consideration than has generally been accorded to it hitherto.

G. D. H. COLE.

AMERICAN LITERATURE OR COLONIAL ?

As the United States increasingly produce writers whose work is a vigorous assertion of their national identity, the clashes become more frequent between these original personalities and the professorial guardians of colonial precedents and traditions. An Irish critic can at once foresee the time when Americanism versus anglicisation will be the subject of literary, as it has been of political, debate. American literature has begun, as Anglo-Irish literature did, by half-deliberate, half-unconscious imitation of English models. There are many signs that it is now entering into the final phase which precedes emancipation. As each heretical talent is revealed, louder are the agonised protests of the mandarins, whose duty it is to guard intact the glorious heritage of colonialism. As to so many other reactionaries, the war was a godsend to these intellectual satraps, who were enabled to lynch their opponents in the name of patriotism. The dispute was skilfully sidetracked into an appeal to the unreason of mere jingoism.

This process was, of course, greatly assisted by the general mobilization of the *intelligentsia* in the belligerent countries, and the conscription of brains has had everywhere an effect as devastating as the

conscription of bodies. It has produced a vast horde of kept newspapermen and subsidized intellectuals, who have exchanged whatever independence of mind the Almighty endowed them with for various more profitable assets in these strangely democratized times. Therefore, whenever colonial inquisitors were faced with a troublesome phenomenon, they had merely to shout for the guards, and straightway the offender was flung into the dungeons reserved for the Germano-Hibernian-Bolshevik bogeymen. Whereupon the doctors and saints of literature returned to their meditations upon the moral giants of Anglo-Saxondom, or resumed their treatises on the philosophy of Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, "in tune with the Infinite". Moreover, as the virtuous were rewarded by journalistic and kindred missions to Europe, they carried to Old England the glad tidings of the colonial evangel, recommending to inquirers only the safest and sanest imitators. In return, the Mother Country exchanged the visits in the persons of those best qualified to maintain this tradition of solidarity. In this fashion the dreadful spectacle of American literary independence was not allowed to offend the susceptibilities of the best society on both sides of the Atlantic.

Intelligent Americans have constantly complained of the attitude of English criticism towards contemporary American literature. When the reviews publish some ignorant and patronizing dissertation on the American Novel or American Poetry, by an English writer, they are pained by the evident lack of appreciation. The ladies and gentlemen whose works are respectfully discussed by the professors, and warmly recommended by the reviewers, do not seem to receive the consideration due to them for their unflinching adherence to the noblest standards of academic criticism. When these torch-bearers of the purest colonial tradition are submitted to the judgment of their big cousins, there is a noticeable condescension in those foreigners. But why should they profess to admire as the brightest stars in the American firmament what are, after all, the phosphorescent gleams of literary ghosts? Is it any wonder that the majority of Britishers can continue in the comfortable belief that there is practically no American literature worth while. They find pedagogues still wondering fearfully whether it is safe to admire Walt Whitman, and inhibited from appreciating Poe by the sinfulness of his life.

The academic labours of American professors of literature are an easy and constant butt for English critics. Yet, they rarely think of questioning the presentation of literary America for which these gentlemen are so largely responsible. When have the Stuart Shermans and Paul Elmer Mores, and their diminutives, recognized the existence of a living American writer of genius, originality or distinction? The only justification for their existences is their alleged capacity to estimate literary values. If they cannot do so, it is hardly surprising that their English patrons, who imagine that they are representative men, do not often penetrate the veil of colonialism. Whatever their outward professions, the majority of Englishmen regard all other English-speaking countries as colonies, and, since they are stubborn enough when faced with undeniable proof of the contrary, they are not likely to persuade themselves unaided that they are mistaken. When will American criticism have the courage to base the claims of contemporary American literature on those works which are essentially and unmistakably American?

Those, as a rule, are by far the best and most original books written in the United States. For the most part, they are unknown in England. Eleven years ago, James Branch Cabell's "Chords of Vanity" strayed into the catalogue of a London purveyor of best sellers, but his name is unfamiliar even to the subconscious consumers of the fiction of the circulating libraries. No English edition of Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" exists. The poetess whose line, "Laugh and the world laughs with you" has elicited an unnecessary testimonial from the author of "The Advance of English Poetry"—the adjective is significant—is a household name to thousands who will never hear of Lizette Woodworth Reese or Carl Sandburg. Verse, however, stands more chance of securing its relatively limited hearing, owing to the interchange of non-academic news between London and New York and Chicago. But the superb essays of H. L. Mencken, the dramatic criticism of George Jean Nathan, enthusiastically praised by the few Europeans who have read them—when will they displace the chaste prose of Messrs. Lyon Phelps, Elmer More or Brownell? No doubt when Dreiser is as well boomed by the literary liaison-officers of Anglo-Saxondom as are Ellen Glasgow, Gene Stratton Porter and Robert W. Chambers!

Whenever an American writer of the first rank does reach the discriminating foreigner there is usually no hesitation to recognize real worth. Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" was estimated as it deserved by the London press in the first year of its existence. The *Athenaeum* has only recently endorsed the praise of Mencken by the *Mercur de France*. At the same time, even if the result is the publication of the latter's works in an English edition, he may not be more often mentioned than Dreiser, whose books are available, but are discreetly passed over by artisans of the Anglo-American literary alliance. Owing to technical publishing reasons, in some measure, a considerable number of important American books languish more or less obscurely in the lists of London publishers. Some years ago, Grant Richards did a great deal of pioneering work in this connection, introducing American writers outside the ordinary category of importations, such as Frank Norris, Mary MacLane and others. But the mere existence of English editions, needless to say, does not ensure any general realization of the significance of an American author. And it is just here that the conspiracy of silence, or abuse, employed by the colonials, achieves its real purpose.

Precisely to the degree that an American book is independent of the Anglo-Saxon conventions and prejudices is it likely to lack the support which will make it at once famous and successful. Suppose an Englishman who was interested by "Sister Carrie" in 1900 had tried to keep track of the author's name. For many years it was impossible, and when Dreiser resumed novel-writing, the only thing one heard was that he was wicked and intolerable, until finally the war provided the innuendo of association with the devilries of the Wilhelmstrasse. Then the moral arbiters of the world had their chance of consigning all the ungodly, de-colonialized literature into the limbo of Nietzsche, Wagner and similar emissaries of Satan. Instead, the effusions of Miss Mildred Aldrich, the homilies of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and the inventor of "Dere Mabel" were gathered to the greater glory of the Anglo-Saxon God. Patriot-authors went out to the North American colonies, to

collect the dollars not yet lent to the Mother Country, and all the professors of English literature felt that their efforts had not been in vain. With what tearful pride they saw their intellectual children accepted as worthy to nestle on the bosom of dear old grandma Britannia. Even Dr. Stuart Sherman could afford to poke a little heavy fun at those unregenerate American writers who are not of the elect, whose Americanism is not sufficiently British to satisfy the colonial mind.

Once the issue is frankly raised between American and colonial literature, it will be impossible to obscure the conflict by moral vapourings and impassioned appeals against the subtle evil of hyphenation. Allusions to the Germania Maennerchor and Sinn Fein will not disguise the fact that it is precisely this reprehensible, un-Presbyterian literature which is most national. That is to say, only an American could have written "Prejudices" and "A Book of Prefaces". Wherever the English language is spoken Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson will be at once recognized as non-British, as unmistakably as Synge or Yeats. Mencken, indeed, is so quintessentially the critical mind of Amercia, as distinct from the colony, bold alert, independent, vigorous and idiomatic, that there is a danger of his being incomprehensible in parts to foreigners unacquainted with America. Such an obstacle to the widespread popularity of American literature in England would be a natural and welcome barrier, preferable to the present intellectual blockade by the colonials. After all, no writer complains if his works are only fully appreciated and understood by his compatriots. Anatole France does not compose with one eye on the Calvinists of Geneva, or the foreign professors of French literature. Literature is primarily for home consumption. When America realizes the individuality and superiority of her own national literature, other countries will be glad to try to understand the secrets of her genius. Attention will no longer be diverted to the model pupils of the colonial professors.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

MISCELLANY.

IF the spirit of philanthropy, held in the throttling grasp of our confiscatory system of taxation, can make still another feeble struggle, one can suggest an urgent and most worthy cause. It would be a noble public benefaction if some one offered a large prize, amounting to a subsidy, to the American newspaper or periodical which showed the best annual record for correctness in its use of elementary economic terms. If our journalism could be put under some strong incentive to avoid saying "create" when it means "produce"; or "capital" when it should say "wealth"; or, above all, "property" when it should say "privilege" or "monopoly"; if it should stop speaking of labour and capital as though they were the only factors in production; if it should always enumerate the three factors in production, or any two of them, in their logical order; if it always carefully differentiated economic rent, and the site-value of land; if it should undertake a few such improvements, it would set the pace for the schools and universities, and work miracles in American education. It should be somehow made an object to our press, especially the liberal press, to set about this most wholesome reform; and perhaps the way suggested is as good as any, or at least may be recommended in default of a better.

AND the word "liberal" brings at once before the imaginative mind a picture of the havoc that would be wrought among editors and copy-readers if our journalism rose

to such respect for its glossary as always to get "liberalism" and "radicalism" in the right places. Radicals, liberals, anarchists, socialists, and communists, all find themselves mixed up with very uncongenial company by our indiscriminating newspapers. One is somehow reminded of a Westerner who excused himself from eating frog's legs by saying, "Frogs is toads and toads is varmints." It is, further, as improper and indefensible to lump off all these distinct categories under the general title of "reds" as it is to address all Chinamen as John or all Negroes as 'Rastus'. The socialist is at the sword's point with the anarchist; the liberal and the radical have nothing but disrespect in common; why, then, if the object of language be to get oneself understood, should, for example, the *Liberator*, the *Appeal to Reason*, the *New Republic*, and the *Nation* be classified as "the radical press" when not one of them is radical or has ever shown even the feeblest tendency towards radicalism? No one, of course, would complain seriously; the matter is one of manners, perhaps, rather than morals. Still, a good substantial prize for deportment sometimes polishes off a lout quite handsomely.

BIOGRAPHY is generally autobiographical; and a man's reflections on things other than himself are generally the frankest self-revelations obtainable. Lacking the self-consciousness of direct effort, they escape the protective censorship which takes us in charge whenever we attempt an inventory of our own development. One is struck by this in seeing how sympathetically, on the book-page of the *New York Sun*, Mr. John Spargo, reformed socialist, reviews the recantation of Miss Marie Ganz, reformed anarchist, as told by her in her book, "Rebels: Into Anarchy and Out Again." This Galician child, Mr. Spargo explains, into whose revolt against things established there never had entered a true intellectual quality, became dominated by the idea "that society conspires against the toilers." From this fallacy, she went on to worse. She read about the slaughter of workers in Mr. Rockefeller's mines. She would make "no painful, labored study of the problem of individual liberty in an expanding state." Intellectually she was all over the place, and so she wandered into anarchism.

AND then came the awakening and redemption. How? Because she learned that the philosophy and technique of the anarchist's struggle against capitalism was not getting anywhere? Not at all. Her purification and happy return to the fold, says Mr. Spargo, grew out of no intelligent change of conviction. She learned that one of her anarchist mentors was insincere, cowardly, and that he had told a lie, "though she does not use these harsh words." So great was the shock of realization and so completely was her faith in violence shaken, that, when it presently became clear that America would enter the war, she naturally caught the spirit from "a 'pal"—a newspaper reporter," and at once became a patriot. This conversion was no half-way matter. Mr. Spargo gives Miss Ganz credit for a hundred per cent change of heart. And to prove it he shows her happily united with Mr. Rockefeller, the capitalist whom she once particularly wanted to dynamite. It has long been expected that Mr. Spargo would give his countrymen an up-to-date definition of Americanism,—his writings in the *Times*, the *Sun* and other organs of progress are so exceedingly voluminous. And many have anticipated what that definition would be. That he has done this now, through his appreciation of the Americanism of Miss Ganz, is germane to the proposition that the usual by-product of book-reviews is a naïve and illuminating portrait of the reviewer; for here are the final words in which Mr. Spargo portrays the new Americanism, the Americanism of the hour, which might conveniently, perhaps, henceforth be called the Americanism of Mary and John: "She even sat on the platform at a patriotic mass meeting and listened with peaceful and friendly heart to a

speech by young Mr. Rockefeller, the man she had hated and desired to kill. She had become an American."

THE effect of Brieux's play, "*La Robe Rouge*," done in New York under the title "*The Letter of the Law*," was to make me once more try to analyze the vague dissatisfaction and irritation that one feels against the propagandist and all his works and ways. The play is a first-rate sample of Brieux's quality, and as such it is exceedingly good. Yet one left it with hardly any feeling except relief that it was over. Its purpose is to show that the law is not an instrument of justice; well, that is easily done, for a moment's reflection will convince anyone that nobody ever goes to law with any view of justice. He goes for gain or for revenge, and gain or revenge are all that the law-courts are equipped to give him. Mr. Howells made this clear to the English-reading public, years ago, in a passage that no one, once reading it, can forget; and if that were not enough, the court-scene in "*Resurrection*" presents the same truth with all the skill and power of a master's hand.

COUNT TOLSTOY, too, was a most distinguished propagandist; but not primarily. He was first of all an artist, a literary artist, and never got over the artist's trick of observation, of composing "with the eye on the subject." He was a first-class reporter of what he saw, and he saw nearly everything in sight. Brieux is a first-class reporter of what goes on inside his own head. Hence Tolstoy's court-scene gives a slice out of life, with all life's trivialities and inconsistencies and infinite variety of colour. Brieux's play presents one solid colour, and that colour is drab—and life is not like that. His purposefulness is incessant, hard, dogged, driving and inflexible; he pursues his characters along their appointed pathways with a relentless insistence amounting almost to savagery, never letting them look to the right or left—and life is not at all like that. Thus it is, I think, that one cannot take much interest in his people or be very sorry for them, or become over-much moralized by their fate. I came away thinking of Cervantes, Turgeniev, Rabelais, Dickens, Artemus Ward, Mr. Dooley—an oddly assorted run of names, yet strung together on a real thread of association. Their passage before my mind convinced me that the effective propagandist is the incidental one, and that to be such he must remain always primarily the observant artist and the imperturbable critic of art, the critic, above all, of his own art.

THE Second Symphony is a mystical marvel of musical loveliness. It carries one to the very heart of the sublime. No matter what his suffering was, the soul of nature was large in Beethoven when he composed this pæan of fairy joy. The exquisite delicacy of the workmanship the simplicity of the thematic material, the grandeur of the *schema*, the glow of the material, the the superb massing of climax on climax absorb the interest and amaze the understanding of the hearer. Everything is wonderful in it, everything is pure and noble. To hear it is to feel the divine throbbing in the soul of night. Such refreshment is like a cool draught upon feverish lips, dry amid the subduing day of heat and dust. The genius had seen and understood the meaning of the supernatural. Night's realm of joy, of gambol, frolic, and dance was his to enter. He was the child who gratefully accepted all, and noted no strangeness. The joy in his soul conquered the pain of his body. Out of physical weakness there was born all the tenderness and beauty of elf-land. The moon rose amber-gold from a lake of dark emerald and made a path for water-nymphs. The studded sky was calm, the wind held its breath at the wonder-working of the moon, the haze on the horizon threw aside its veils and vanished like a spider's gossamer behind a speeding hare. The meads shone as the silvering rays flooded the verdure, and resplendent night lay like a benediction upon the land.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

BROADWAY AND NATIONAL LIFE.

It is frequently asserted by critics of our theatre that Broadway isn't America. If Broadway ever regarded criticism with sufficient seriousness to reply, it might very justly retort, "Maybe not. But on Broadway is about the only chance in America to see good plays." For good or for evil, the American drama has to be judged on Broadway. If the rest of the country resents this, it is nobody's fault but its own. Boston once had the best stock company in the New World. What has become of it? Chicago had Maurice Browne and his Little Theatre. What has become of them? Year by year, and of late with astonishing rapidity, the spoken drama is becoming a thing of the past outside of New York and a few large cities, with here and there the amateurs coming to the rescue. Amateurs, however, can never make a popular theatre. There are today in America no stock companies of serious pretensions anywhere, though Stuart Walker is endeavoring to build one in Indianapolis; and what plays get to the regions beyond Broadway are brought by companies organized in New York, and following upon a New York production. These companies, too, are each year visiting fewer and fewer cities. So far, then, as our theatre is concerned, Broadway is America, and it will continue to be so until other parts of the country desire a theatre of their own hard enough to organize it—apparently a somewhat remote possibility. Hence no critic need apologize for discussing the American theatre from the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway.

From that lively corner, a few steps in any direction will carry one to more theatres than are to be found in a similar area in any other city in the world; no less than fifty of them, not counting, of course, four huge motion picture theatres seating ten or twelve thousand people, several smaller ones, two or three vaudeville theatres, a burlesque house, and a great opera house. An army of people file into these fifty theatres each evening, an army by no means composed exclusively of New Yorkers, but very largely of Americans from all parts of the country. So far at least as we have one, the stamp of their approval is the stamp of America, the badge of our theatrical tastes, the key by which the critic must unlock, if he can, the nation's heart.

I say, if he can. It is a time honored canon of criticism that a nation's secrets are revealed through its literature—its drama, of course, no less than its books or poems. But when the Broadway dramatic critic, in an ambitious moment (he has them now and then), tries to apply this canon and looks beyond the immediate "first night" to the whole array of dramas twinkling their signs down every side street, asking himself what it all means, what revelation of America is here, he is either bewildered, or aghast—or both.

He sees, for instance, that about 36 per cent of all the theatrical attractions just now are musical plays, "reviews" or spectacles, ranging in style and merit all the way from Gilbert and Sullivan's "*Ruddigore*" and Messenger's "*Monsieur Beaucaire*" to the "*Midnight Frolic*," or the Parisian "*Aphrodite*," who stopped at Dr. Jaeger's on her way from Paris to Central Park. What does this mean? Does it mean that America is a musical nation? He would be a rash critic who should say so. The "shows" in which the musical element is beneath contempt are

as well patronized as the others. Does it mean that Americans are all sophomores at heart, and enjoy their sex experiences with an opera glass? Quite as rash a statement. The most "peppy" of the musical pieces this winter was a failure, the least so is the greatest success. At most, the critic could safely hazard that there is not one public, but many publics, some of whom enjoy the spectacle of the female knee, others of whom enjoy the wit of Gilbert, the lilt of Messenger's melodies, but all of whom enjoy that peculiar exhilaration found only in the playhouse, when music, mirth, and at least a few maidens join forces, and one form or another of the lyric drama results. We are disposed to consider this exhilaration for the most part harmless, and often beneficent. But to read the soul-secrets of that row of Americans into whose profiles we look, because they are pleased with the tinkle, tickled by the antics of the comedian, titillated by the ankles of the pretty chorus, is, we confess, beyond our powers. They merely seem, to us, quite ordinarily human.

So let us pass on to the more serious business of spoken drama. Here, in spite of the captious, is after all, rather varied diet, and not without merit. Here is the English Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," simple, touching and eloquent, six brief episodes that are but hints to Americans of how tolerantly, how benignantly, yet how inflexibly their greatest hero met the climaxes in his career. Here, too, is Percy MacKaye's "Washington," less simple and less touching perhaps, acted by Walter Hampden, the best Hamlet of our day. (Not that Hamlet and George Washington had anything in common!) Here too, have been chances to sit beneath the grim spell of Gorky ("Night Refuge") and Tolstoy ("The Power of Darkness," produced by the Theatre Guild). Quite at the other extreme are "The Girl in the Limousine," "No More Blondes," "Scandal," and the like, though the early season vogue of the bedroom-farce seems to have spent its force. Somewhere between Tolstoy and Al Woods (one of our chief purveyors of bedroom-farces), we have had such assorted fare as the Italian melodrama, "The Jest," a thing of beautiful bloodiness and supremely clever suspense, Brieux's "The Red Robe," several native melodramas of a now familiar pattern, plays of copious sentiment like "Lightnin'" and "Smilin' Through," farces and comedies of the texture of "Wedding Bells," "My Lady Friends," "The Gold Diggers," and the like. But that any of these latter plays cuts deep enough through the patterns of theatrical convention to betray to the critic any revelation of national traits, I for one should hesitate to say. The very interchangeableness of such plays from nation to nation, with perhaps an adaptation of surface-texture, indicates their nature well enough. That Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness" or Gorky's "Night Refuge" is profoundly racial, no less a psychological document than a drama, is self evident, like the documented realism of Brieux. But these melodramas, farces, comedies of our routine-theatre reveal nothing except the childishness of the theatrical audiences everywhere and always, their pleasure at a tale.

There are, however, a few American plays of different metal, such as Booth Tarkington's "Clarence," for example, James Forbes' "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and "Mamma's Affair" and "Beyond the Horizon." "Clarence" would prove a piece of pure nonsense, we venture to think, to a Frenchman; as bewildering as Franklin's tale of the fishes which swam up Niagara. To a Russian, perhaps, it would be as bewildering as

"The Cherry Orchard" is to us. This bewilderment would lie in the fact, we fancy, that its absurdities are not put forward as absurdities, (with the solemnity of Gilbert's "Engaged," for example), but as perfectly definite, realistic, even sentimental facts, and appear to be actually so regarded by the audience. Indeed, it is rather a question whether the author did not so regard them with one half of his brain. Yet they are absurdities, nonetheless. We have here, then, a curious wedding of burlesque and realism, of comic exaggeration based on true observation, of at times perhaps unconscious absurdity masking a philosophy of every day life. "Clarence" is, indeed, closely akin to the humour of the old-school Yankee, to the farmer who wished his wife would "get well, or something." "Clarence" we may rightly claim as a true native play, one revealing certain national characteristics. It has an authentic national style.

"The Famous Mrs. Fair" is a comedy that is revealing, less by its manner than its matter, though both are significant, because the manner is always that of the comedian. The play shows a woman home from service in France, intoxicated with her success and her fame, deserting her family in order to go on triumphal lecture-tours, and suddenly confronting something close to a tragedy in the life of her husband and, still more, her neglected daughter. The cause of Mrs. Fair's fame—the war—was rather upsetting to most human institutions, to be sure, and does not really enter organically into the scheme of the play. Its true point seems to me that fame, followed for its own sake, and motherhood are somewhat difficult to manage (as Mrs. Jellyby once demonstrated, to be sure), and that the modern American woman, accepting her new freedom of opportunity, has got to proceed carefully if she is at the same time to accept the old duties. As "Clarence" is a revelation of our national twist of humour at its most characteristic—and not without a dash of self-delusion even when the tongue is in the cheek, "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is an honest attempt to cut through the mere theatricalities of stage-entertainment, and deliberately hold our present-day national life up to criticism.

Miss Rachel Butler's play, "Mamma's Affair," is a product of Prof. Baker's course in playwriting at Harvard and Radcliffe. In spite of certain exaggerations made worse by gross stage management, this comedy of neurasthenic women and of a daughter almost wrecked by her pitiful devotion to a selfish mother, is a work of balanced art and trained intelligence. It is true comedy, skirting always close to the edge of seriousness, and illuminating, without in any way forcing a "message" upon us, the type of females who fill the waiting rooms of our modern fashionable "nerve specialists" and psychotherapists. Its point of view is steadily feminine, too, and so genuinely so that the play is curiously refreshing, curiously vital and real, in a theatre traditionally masculine when it isn't merely theatrical. "Mamma's Affair" may well class as American, as a revelation, at the least, of the modern American woman attaining her mental and artistic majority.

Eugene O'Neill's naturalistic tragedy, "Beyond the Horizon," is not native in form and tone, for naturalism and tragedy are alike foreign to us. His scene is laid, presumably, on a stony New England farm, but his theme is universal, the tragedy of the dreamer crushed by environment. It is a play which deserves more detailed attention, but it is not a play, we confidently predict, which will at all seriously affect the development of a native school of drama. The

play made from Joseph Lincoln's Cape Cod story, "Shavin's," is, of course, the traditional "rural drama," and only American as the minstrel show is American, or the county fair. It employs a certain set of purely conventional figures in a conventional way. It is a survival, not a promise.

These plays excepted, there is at the time of writing, little else in the Broadway theatres of native origin from which the critic can with any show of reason deduce anything at all revealing, anything which he can put beside "The Power of Darkness," and say, "This is American, as that is Russian."

"But," one may retort, "Isn't that in itself revealing?"

In a sense, no doubt, it is. That we have so little drama which cuts into our actual life, or which is not merely theatrical and imitative, certainly shows that, as a nation, we do not regard the art of the drama with any seriousness, looking to it neither for intellectual stimulation nor imaginative and spiritual refreshment, but for the simpler, more obvious forms of traditional entertainment. Yet it will not do to forget that Grant Allen once said the "serious drama" was the resort of second-rate minds. First-rate minds, which do their own reflecting, want the relaxation of a music hall. I recall that my father, who spent long hours each day over the grave problems of education, refused all fiction except Dumas and Conan Doyle and their school, and often, of a Saturday, would lead me off to some *matinée* of a spectacular melodrama. The life-interests and the theatrical interests of the average American are so widely divorced that it is perhaps impossible to draw any conclusions about his deeper characteristics from his taste in drama, unless it be that his "ancient humour" will decree that even his best drama, rightly to represent him, must be in the realm of comedy, and that his passion for running away from life in his artistic amusements indicates a possible lack of sterner intellectual fibre. After all, we are most of us commonplace minds, and we don't seek frivolities for quite Grant Allen's reasons.

At any rate, after visiting fifty theatres on and about Broadway, the wearied dramatic critic is ready to confess that the actual theatre reveals fewer national characteristics and more knees than were dreamt of in Mr. Taine's philosophy.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

BOOKS.

THE TRAGEDY OF PARIS.

"I don't think they're anny such thing as hypocrisy in th' wurld. They can't be. If ye'd turn on th' gas in th' darkest heart ye'd find it had a good raison for the worst things it done, a good varchous raison, like needin' th' money or punishin' th' wicked or tacin' people a lesson to be more careful, or protectin' th' liberties of mankind."—*Mr. Dooley*.

MR. KEYNES has turned on the gas in the council chamber of the Four. In his book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," he has revealed the exact methods by which the *vielliard prodige* of France, aided by the Artful Dodger of England, seduced the President and took his weapons and his armour from him, piece by piece, and stripped him naked, and sent him home with only the scant covering of an imitation league of nations to hide his shame: yet with his conscience intact and with an unamended belief in the righteousness of all his acts.

Mr. Keynes' picture of the Four in action will not

be forgotten so long as the Congress of Paris is remembered. He sat in the room in the President's house with Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Wilson and Orlando, day after day. He saw them and heard them, hour by hour, squandering the hope of the present and the happiness of the future. He is an authentic master of the English language and he has depicted the scene with the skill of a great artist. No more truthful picture has ever been drawn. No more tragic acts have ever been recorded.

In its original form this chapter marched like a Greek tragedy. When Mr. Keynes softened its outlines and blunted its keen words out of pity for the sick President, whose moral collapse it recounted, he slightly blurred its superb clarity, and he owes it "to the general opinion of the future," to which he dedicates his book, someday to publish the unmollified original of this scene.

Wisely, Mr. Keynes does not pause long to weep over the moral and political decomposition of Mr. Wilson. He recognizes that the President is spilt milk. He records the opinion that "the collapse of the President has been one of the decisive moral events of history," then turns to the productive labour of analyzing the Treaty.

Mr. Keynes is one of the half-dozen men who know not only what happened in the meetings of the Council of Four but also what the multitudinous provisions of the Treaty actually mean. He concocted some articles: he combatted many. He was not one of the thousand "experts" at the Conference who knew nothing more of the actual doings of the Four than they were able to glean from the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail*. On the contrary, as official representative of the British Treasury at the Conference and representative on the Supreme Economic Council for the British Exchequer, he was in the inmost circle of the Congress. And his work on British financial policy throughout the war had given him a personal intimacy with the directors of Europe which made him privy to their private connivings. He knew not only what they did but also why they did it. In consequence, his analysis of the Treaty is uniquely authoritative.

He begins his analysis with a description of the economic interdependence of the States of Europe. He re-illuminates the familiar truth that it is no more possible to ruin the economic life of Germany and Austria without wrecking the economic life of the remainder of Europe, than it would be to destroy the economic life of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois without wrecking the economic life of the remainder of the United States. He shows how Clemenceau, nevertheless, determined to impose a Carthaginian peace upon Germany, to destroy Germany utterly. And he proves how successful was Clemenceau in imposing such a peace; though its terms were swathed, for the health of Mr. Wilson's conscience, in garments of sweetness and light, in words of "justice and right": words so well woven that many sincere followers of the spirit of Christ have not yet been able to see through them and are still to be found among the supporters of the Treaty!

These subtle sophistries and complex circumlocutions of the Paris draughtsmen have been reduced by Mr. Keynes to plain, lucid statements which any man may understand. He shows how the Germans, a people whose economic life was based largely on their production of coal and iron and the return from their merchant-marine and overseas connections, have been deprived of three-fourths of their iron, a third of their

¹ "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" by John Maynard Keynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

coal, and their ocean-going merchant-marine and all their property, public and private, in their overseas possessions and in all the vast area of the earth which was controlled by their enemies. He shows how the Treaty demands, in addition, from Germany an impossible contribution of 40,000,000 tons of coal a year. He exposes the hoax of the Saar coal fields, where in the name of reparation the Parisian militarists have gained control of a territory which in 1918 contained 650,000 Germans and less than 100 French. He explains how the powers of the Reparation Commission may be employed to destroy Germany's commercial and economic organization as well as to exact payment. He depicts in detail the duty of the Reparation Commission, which is to play vulture to Germany's Prometheus, and eat out the liver of the chained German people as fast as it grows, leaving only enough to keep life in the victim so that more may grow to be eaten.

He then weighs the burdens which have been laid upon this lacerated Empire. He analyses the just claims of the Allies under the armistice agreement and concludes that, legitimately and in honour, they could have demanded of Germany an indemnity of not more than \$15,000,000,000. He explains the domestic political advantages which Lloyd George and Clemenceau reaped by forgetting the armistice agreement and adding a bill for pensions and separation allowances to the legitimate bill for damage done "by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea and from the air"—so that in the end Germany was compelled to assume an indeterminate obligation, amounting to at least \$40,000,000,000!

Mr. Keynes then analyses minutely Germany's ability to pay, and concludes that "Germany cannot pay anything approaching this sum. Until the Treaty is altered, therefore, Germany has, in effect, engaged herself to hand over to the Allies the whole of her surplus production in perpetuity." His own estimate is that "\$10,000,000,000 is a safe maximum figure of Germany's capacity to pay."

Unfortunately, Mr. Keynes does not discuss in detail the most dangerous result of this discrepancy between Germany's reparation obligations and her ability to fulfil them. He relegates to a footnote his description of the great "joker" of the Treaty, which employs this discrepancy to make it legal for the Allies to occupy the left bank of the Rhine forever, if they wish. His brief summary runs thus:

German territory situated west of the Rhine, together with the bridge-heads, is subject to occupation for a period of fifteen years (Art. 428). If, however, "the conditions of the present Treaty are faithfully carried out by Germany," the Cologne district will be evacuated after five years, and the Coblenz district after ten years (Art. 429). It is, however, further provided that if at the expiration of fifteen years "the guarantees against unprovoked aggression by Germany are not considered sufficient by the Allied and Associated Governments, the evacuation of the occupying troops may be delayed to the extent regarded as necessary for the purpose of obtaining the required guarantees" (Art. 429); and also that "in case either during the occupation or after the expiration of the fifteen years, the Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations under the present Treaty with regard to Reparation, the whole or part of the areas specified in Article 429 will be reoccupied immediately by the Allied and Associated Powers" (Art. 430). Since it will be impossible for Germany to fulfil the whole of her Reparation obligations, the effect of the above provisions will be in practice that the Allies will occupy the left bank of the Rhine just so long as they choose. They will also govern it in such manner as they may determine (e. g. not only as regards customs, but such matters as the respective authority of the local German representatives and the Allied Governing Commis-

sion), since "all matters relating to the occupation and not provided for by the present Treaty shall be regulated by subsequent agreements which Germany hereby undertakes to observe" (Art. 432).

Furthermore the Treaty provides that all the expenses of the Army of Occupation shall be paid by Germany! These clauses of the Treaty afford the Parisian militarists the opportunity they have long craved to sink their teeth into the Rhineland, just as the Prussian militarists sank their teeth into Alsace-Lorraine. And the consequences of the two acts may well be very similar.

At the conclusion of his analysis of the Treaty, Mr. Keynes describes the condition in which it has left the Continent. "An inefficient, unemployed, disorganized Europe faces us, torn by internal strife and international hate, fighting, starving, pillaging and lying." He shows that even France and Italy are near the abyss of bankruptcy. He agrees with the statement of the German Economic Commission: "In a very short time, Germany will not be in a position to give bread and work to her numerous millions of inhabitants who are prevented from earning their livelihood by navigation and trade. These persons should emigrate, but this is a material impossibility, all the more because many countries and the most important ones will oppose any German immigration. . . . Those who sign this Treaty will sign the death sentence of many millions of German men, women and children." He casts only a glance at Russia, Hungary and Austria where "the miseries of life and the disintegration of society are too notorious to require analysis." He concludes:

If we aim deliberately at the impoverishment of Central Europe, vengeance, I dare predict, will not limp. Nothing can then delay for very long that final civil war between the forces of Reaction and the despairing convulsions of Revolution, before which the horrors of the late German war will fade into nothing, and which will destroy, whoever is victor, the civilization and the progress of our generation.

To avoid this dissolution of European civilization Mr. Keynes prescribes certain definite remedies. He believes that much may be saved from the wreck in which the Congress of Paris left Europe if speedily there is, (1) a revision of the Treaty, (2) a cancellation of all Inter-Ally indebtedness, (3) an international loan of at least a billion dollars, (4) peace with Russia.

Mr. Keynes does not attempt a clause-by-clause revision of the Treaty but limits himself to "three great changes which are necessary for the economic life of Europe, relating to reparation, to coal and iron, and to tariffs." In brief, he advises that the amount of the payment to be made by Germany in respect of reparation and the costs of the armies of occupation be fixed at \$10,000,000,000; that the coal and iron provisions of the Treaty, including those relating to the Saar, be entirely rewritten; that a free trade union be established under the auspices of the League of Nations, including Germany, Poland, the new States which formerly composed the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish Empires and the mandated States. He hopes that Great Britain may become an original member of this free trade union.

These proposals are moderate, practical and Christian. If they should be adopted at once, they would save Europe from the immediate effects of the Treaty, though not from its ultimate consequences. They will not be adopted, until too late. The present Governments of Europe will make motions toward amendment, as they perceive with increasing clearness the horror of their handiwork; but they will not

adopt an adequate programme, like that of Mr. Keynes, before calamity is upon them and upon the world.

The United States will not now consent to a general cancellation of debts, which would mean a gift by us to England and Europe of \$10,000,000,000. The United States will not even agree to an international loan based on international security. The United States will not press for revision of the terms of the Treaty. With all the ardour of his righteous nature Mr. Wilson opposes revision. Can he admit already that he has fathered a peace which is not "just and right"? And the Republicans have little interest in genuine revision. Senator Knox attacked the Treaty courageously many months ago. A storm of abuse ended his efforts. Senators Borah, Johnson and McCormick have recently spoken frankly about the terms of the Treaty as well as about the League of Nations. But these men compose a hopeless minority of the Republican party; and they do not advocate an extension of international coöperation. The United States, indeed, has entered upon a period of genuine disillusionment, and the international idealism of the American people is at its lowest ebb. Europe can expect little aid from America for many years to come.

In England, on the other hand, Mr. Keynes' proposals are certain to find strong support. They demand no sacrifice from Great Britain. On the contrary, their adoption would be of enormous advantage to Great Britain, since they would tend to stabilize life throughout the world and give Great Britain the temporary tranquility she needs, if she is to absorb the incredible amount of swag with which she has quietly sneaked off during the past year. The British imperialist, happy but thoughtful, contemplating his new control of Persia, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Palestine and the Hedjaz; the new legal shackles he has fastened on Egypt, in contravention of all his promises; the immense domains of German East and West Africa, which now belong to him, feels quite ready to prop up the present political and economic system of the world. In order to have leisure to consolidate his holdings, which now extend in an unbroken band from Burma to the Cape of Good Hope, he needs quiet in Europe. Therefore, he is ready to support any alterations in the Treaty, at the expense of other nations, which will tend to restore economic order and to preserve the good world, which is now his oyster. British labour will support Mr. Keynes' proposals for quite different reasons.

From France, however, the changes proposed by Mr. Keynes demand definite sacrifices, and there is not the slightest sign that France will make these sacrifices. She is bent on imposing the Carthaginian peace, and exacting the last pound of flesh from Germany.

Italy is too close to national bankruptcy to be generous. And the new States of Central Europe, in the first intoxication of their independence, are determined to avoid limitations upon their exclusive nationalism, such as would be involved in a customs-union.

Indeed, it seems certain that only one of Mr. Keynes' proposals has a chance of early acceptance: the blockade will be lifted and peace will be made with Soviet Russia. But this will indicate no shifting of political power, no change of heart among the Governments. The blockade will be lifted because Europe needs Russia's wheat and flax, not because the Governments sympathize with the suffering Russian people. And peace will be made with Soviet Russia, not because of any liberal tolerance or love of peace among the Governments, but because the Soviet Government will not fall, and finally because Mr. Lloyd George will

become more afraid of the Red Army and the British Labour party than of Lord Northcliffe and the Tory majority in the House of Commons.

Mr. Keynes, indeed, recognizes that the replacement of the existing Governments of Europe is an indispensable preliminary to the changes he suggests. One wishes he had discussed this theme more fully. For often he seems to place his hope in a political force which has gone out of the world: in that growth of goodwill and international generosity which flourished in all nations during the final six months of the war and the first month of the armistice and was commonly called "liberalism."

This bourgeois liberalism, which seemed to dominate the world during the September and October days of 1918, is dead. It died of Mr. Wilson in Paris. It was too delicate a plant, too dependent on an exquisite equipoise of generous emotions, too entwined with the moral integrity of its prophet, to survive "so extraordinary, so unlooked-for a betrayal." Only the faintest traces of its former existence may still be found in France and Italy. More numerous relics remain in England and the United States. But it is today a personal, political creed of fine individuals, like Lord Robert Cecil, H. W. Massingham, General Smuts and Herbert Croly, rather than a world-force capable of controlling the destinies of nations and the broadest decisions of international policy. And throughout the western world the more courageous liberals have begun to ally themselves with the parties which draw their strength from the labouring class, while the less courageous are lapsing into an impotent faction scarcely distinguishable from the conservatives. As an independent movement, unstrengthened by the direct support of labour, bourgeois liberalism is unlikely ever again to dominate the international scene. Certainly it will not recover from its debacle at Paris. In time to save Europe from the effects of the Treaty of Versailles.

The hope of peace has passed from liberalism to labour. And there is still a chance that the political parties which draw their strength from the labouring class will become strong enough to force a revision of the Treaty before it produces the starvation of millions and the disintegration of European life. In spite of their multitudinous differences of opinion, in spite of their mutual recriminations, all these parties hold in common the creed of international peace and goodwill. From the British Labour party to the Russian Communist party, all are ready to act on the belief "that the prosperity and happiness of one country promotes that of others, that the solidarity of man is not a fiction and that the nations can still afford to treat other nations as fellow creatures." For this reason they will gain the support of millions who do not care particularly about domestic socialism but do care vitally about international peace.

These parties may not be able to cope with the problem of peace; but they will at least attack the problem with vigour and sincerity. And the parties which have controlled the world during the past decade will not do even this. If they continue to control the world, Europe will enjoy a life of starvation, strife and suffering until she achieves a new carnage.

If there should be labour Governments in Europe, would they find the present League of Nations a useful mechanism for the alteration of the Treaty, as certain high-placed supporters of the League are wont to argue? Mr. Keynes replies:

The relevant passage is to be found in Article XIX of the Covenant, which runs as follows:

"The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world."

But alas! Article V. provides that "Except where otherwise expressly provided in this Covenant or by the terms of the present Treaty, decisions at any meeting of the Assembly or of the Council shall require the agreement of all the Members of the League represented at the meeting." Does not this provision reduce the League, so far as concerns an early reconsideration of any of the terms of the Peace Treaty, into a body merely for wasting time? If all the parties to the Treaty are unanimously of opinion that it require alteration in a particular sense, it does not need a League and a Covenant to put the business through. Even when the Assembly of the League is unanimously it can only 'advise' reconsideration by the members specially affected.

"But the League will operate," say its supporters, "by its influence on the public opinion of the world, and the view of the majority will carry decisive weight in practice, even though constitutionally it is of no effect." Let us pray that this be so. Yet the League in the hands of the trained European diplomatist may become an unequaled instrument for obstruction and delay. The revision of treaties is entrusted primarily, not to be the Council, which meets frequently, but to the Assembly, which will meet more rarely and must become, as any one with an experience of large Inter-Ally Conferences must know, an unwieldy polyglot debating society in which the greatest resolution and the best management may fail altogether to bring issues to a head against an opposition in favor of the *status quo*. There are indeed too disastrous blots on the Covenant, Article V., which prescribes unanimity, and the much criticized Article X., by which "The Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League." These two Articles together go some way to destroy the conception of the League as an instrument of progress, and to equip it from the outset with an almost fatal bias towards the *status quo*. It is these Articles which have reconciled to the League some of its original opponents, who now hope to make of it another Holy Alliance for the perpetuation of the economic ruin of their enemies and the Balance of Power in their own interests which they believe themselves to have established by the Peace.

Adequate revision of the Treaty will not come by way of the League. The problem is too vast, too complex, to be handled by any less powerful body than a general congress of the nations. Not only must vital alterations be made in the economic clauses of the Treaty, as Mr. Keynes proves, but in addition there are scores of changes to be made in the territorial and other chapters of the Treaty, if peace is to be preserved. For example, what of those failures of Mr. Wilson for which the United States will pay most dearly—Shantung and the Freedom of the Seas? What of the 250,000 Germans of the Tyrol, whom Mr. Wilson let fall into Mr. Orlando's net during a fit of absence of mind, to his later remorse? One need not enumerate more instances to make it obvious that only a Congress of Revision, dominated by men ready to subordinate a few exclusive national advantages to the general good, can hope to cope with the problem. There are literally millions to be saved from starvation, there are scores of barbed economic barriers to be destroyed, there are a dozen new-laid wars to be kept from hatching: there is a world to integrate.

A Congress of Revision is essential. And those who care about international peace can serve no better than by striving to prepare the way and make straight the paths for such a Congress. The first task is to clear away the poisonous jungle-growth of Paris—the orchid-hued verbiage which conceals the rotten heart of the Treaty,—and to spread through the world understanding of the black iniquities committed by the Conference in the name of "justice and right." Mr. Keynes, with rare courage and rarer ability, has strip-

ped the economic provisions of the Treaty of their concealing coat of soft phrases. But, if the Treaty is to be understood and altered before it has produced a new cataclysm, many more men who know the truth must follow the courageous course of Mr. Keynes.

It is too soon to determine whether or not the results of the Congress of Paris will bring as much woe to the world as the results of the Congress of Vienna; but it is not too soon to be certain of their general resemblance. As the Congress of Vienna rearranged Europe with a view to perpetuating an insubstantial dominance by Austria, so the Congress of Paris has rearranged Europe with a view to perpetuating an insubstantial dominance by France. As the Congress of Vienna ignored man's craving for national unity and political democracy, so the Congress of Paris has underestimated man's desire for international unity and social democracy. As the impulse to national unity and political democracy finally erased by war and revolution the barriers erected by Vienna, so assuredly the aspiration to international unity and social democracy will destroy the work of Paris. Clemenceau has built no better than Metternich. Lloyd George has been more venal than Castlereagh. Wilson has dreamed to the same result as Tsar Alexander I.

Vienna's gift to Europe was a century of struggle and suffering. The legacy of Paris to the world promises to be a century of conflict and grief. It will be, unless many men are ready to cry in the wilderness, like Mr. Keynes. It will be, unless the peoples of the world can be convinced that they will find peace only when they are ready to do unto other peoples as they would be done by.

WILLIAM C. BULLITT.

"JONES."

THE name of Jones has achieved new lustre: Tom Jones, Paul Jones, Davy Jones, Mr. Jones of "Victory," Jones of "What Happened to Jones," have gathered into their immortality Henry Festing Jones, friend, collaborator, and assistant-Boswell to the Boswell of Samuel Butler's own critical ego. One would have thought that after "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Note Books" there was nothing more to be said of this modern infant Samuel who prayed to the Lord with all the Anglican *naïveté* of Joshua Reynold's cherry-cheeked child, but there is and still remains everything to be said. Indeed, until someone has done for Jones what Jones has done for Butler, namely, supplied him with a shadow, there can be no end to this mysterious comedy of eccentricity.

When I was a child there was in my grandmother's house, a book which I adored. It was called "Brown, Jones and Robinson" and was a comic picture-book by Richard Doyle, father of Sir Arthur Conan. It told in pictures of the adventures of three Englishmen on a tour of the Rhine and my delight in Butler is intimately linked with that infant pleasure of mine. It is a detail that Butler, Jones and Gogin toured in Italy and Sicily; they are and always will be identical with Brown, Jones and Robinson for they were English tourists frankly and with incredible simplicity enjoying themselves. Butler was his own hero and fortunately for us he was Jones' as well, but he wanted Jones to be a hero too and attached to himself first of all Gogin and subsequently Alfred, who in turn became heroes, for in that world of schoolboy Englishmen there was no room for a valet. Jones then was in the position, fortunate for a biographer, of being a hero to his hero. There is no need of con-

cealment or of manipulation. Jones had no money and, abandoning the law to serve his Quixote, accepted from him two hundred a year. It was easy and proper and right to accept money from Butler, because he was a friend. "Madam," who played a not unimportant rôle in the existence of the recluse, could also, for the same reason, accept money with perfect honour. She was Butler's friend as well as his mistress and, among friends, he who has money gives with none of your painful hocus-pocus about lending.

Jones is quite right to lay stress on money for it and the lack of it played a vital part in Butler's life. He had a rich but stingy and obstinate father who used his money with parental lack of scruple and it was the exasperation of this dishonesty that slowly forced Butler into his incessant examination into the social and intellectual life of Great Britain where, after all, money is the paramount consideration. His reaction was so intense as to force him, who was almost devoid of aesthetic sense, into the arts, painting, music, literature. Here again he was the tourist: not your vulgar rushing tourist of the nineteenth century who floats, without adventure, from one hotel to another, but your gentle, quizzical tourist of the eighteenth century who like Laurence Sterne, goes abroad with a flourish:—"They do these things better in France. Have you ever been to France, Madam?"

Butler's two books on the Canton Ticino can well live on either side of "The Sentimental Journey." And by that contact we can begin to place him. In the eighteenth century in England men wrote as they lived, with gusto; in the nineteenth they wrote, as they lived, in a painful consciousness of achievement, and Butler found that exasperating: so, in his gentle way, did Jones who found that even the law—or perhaps, especially the law—had to be practised with a certain compositeness. Perhaps the Anglo-Saxon gusto, which Butler revels in Mrs. Jupp, was expressing itself in military achievement and Imperial expansion. There was enough of it in that to make Butler a Tory, a devotee of Disraeli and, like Miss Savage, a fierce hater of Mr. Gladstone. Without gusto what excuse is there for the English? That was the question that was perpetually in Butler's mind, and he detested the substitution for it of conscious eminence in Gladstone, Darwin, Huxley, Tennyson, Meredith (who rejected "Erewhon") and even in John Morley. He looked for it in every one and finding it not withdrew into the cell of his chambers in Clifford's Inn until he found it in Jones, who, as unaesthetic as himself, was perfectly willing to break with him into the arts for the fun of the thing. The English were in a mood to take even the arts solemnly—which is a very different thing from taking them seriously—and these two middle-aged tourists set themselves to prove that the plain man could know all about the arts, write books, compose music, paint pictures. Each had his notebook, his sketch-book, his manual of counterpoint and gave years to the application of Händelian harmonies to a comic theme, and they did these things with gusto, enjoying them and each other immensely.

Isolated as they were they knew their own importance. They knew that all the solemn structure of pretence would one day collapse and that they would then stand revealed as men who had preserved at least an element in the British tradition. For that reason, as there was no one else to understand either their language or their enjoyment, they Boswellised themselves and each other, Butler writing in his note-

books "Jones said today . . ." and Jones collecting every possible scrap of paper on which Butler had scribbled even a line or two.

Friendship is at all times a rare thing, perhaps because the sense of humour is rare and friendship is most often based on a common humour. It was so here, though Jones is a little drier than Butler, just enough to make him adore the spontaneous chuckle that never ceased to bubble in the little man with the clear-grey eyes and the bushy-black eye-brows. Butler might have no real understanding of music, but that was only because the music of his own laughter was in itself sufficient; insulating him from passion and from profound thought and from any mystical or psychic understanding of the human soul, though for all his mockery he had a profound faculty for reverence, and that indeed was what made him a satirist. He needed to revere all that was venerable: every unworthy thing that claimed his reverence roused in him a perfect fury of laughter which, breaking through the crust of his own bitterness, bubbled softly into sweetness. The depths of the man were utterly sweet. He was one of the graceful souls who disarm the fury of life so that it caresses them and gives them their desire and lets them be complete and whole.

Whether or no Jones understood Butler does not appear in these pages¹ where Butler speaks for himself, but Jones loved his hero and that love gives these two volumes a very intimate quality. Indeed the reader feels happy that there are two volumes, one for Butler and one for Jones, to stand forever on the shelves of the British Museum, and the only matter for regret is that there is not a third for Miss Savage, and a little one for Alfred and Gogin and Charles Pain Pauli. Butler has achieved the immortality he desired and as he would have desired it, through his saintly genius for friendship, a thing far more of sharing than of affection, and to Butler as to Jones the thing most worth sharing in life was the joke of it all. Neither ever tested the joke by tragedy or tragic experience: they did not need to. They were men of simple faith and they were sure of it without. To have been so is service enough and acknowledgment of it is the due that they will receive increasingly as this record of their friendship gathers about it the homage and affection of succeeding generations.

GILBERT CANNAN.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

WASN'T it Huysmans who longed for an audience of "ten superior persons scattered through the universe?" Dr. Albert Einstein is said to be ambitious enough to hope for twelve. A laudable attempt to increase this number is made by Prof. H. A. Lorentz of the University of Leyden, in "The Einstein Theory of Relativity," (Brentano's). Prof. Lorentz ought to be better qualified than anyone else to explain the theory, for he is credited by Einstein himself with sharing the development of it; and the style of the little book is, it must be said, lucidity itself. Einstein's theory, says the author, has the highest degree of æsthetic merit, and every lover of the beautiful must wish it to be true, its whole effect restoring to physics some of the intellectual unity that belonged to the great scientific systems before the specialization of the nineteenth century.

DECIDEDLY in the Chestertonian vein, and quite as jolly in its robust mediæval mysticism as Chesterton himself, is

¹Samuel Butler. A Memoir by Henry Festing Jones. New York; Macmillan. Two vols.

Charles Rann Kennedy's "divine comedy" of a present-day millennium, "The Army With Banners," (B. W. Huebsch). It is a breezy, lusty miracle-play, laid in an English orphanage during the war, with a very cutting satire on the advertised and advertising Christianity of these present years of grace. The villain of the piece is Billy Sunday, thinly disguised and mercilessly caricatured. Why does the American playwright lose such marvellous opportunities? Is there no other way of throwing the Billy Sundays into relief, an infamous relief, than projecting them against a thirteenth century background?

In the thesis presented crisply and lucidly in Walter Lippmann's little tract, "Liberty and the News," (Harcourt, Brace and Howe), all democrats will meet on common ground. "There can be no liberty for a community that lacks the information by which to detect lies. . . Not what somebody says, not what somebody wishes were true, but what is so beyond all our opining, constitutes the touchstone of our sanity." A vital definition for a world bewildered by propaganda. Three steps are necessary, in Lippmann's view, for the enfranchisement of public opinion; the protection of the sources of the news, the organization of the news so as to make it comprehensible, and a general education in the sense of evidence, the first and most urgent perhaps being the development of a type of public observers devoted to the ideal of objective testimony.

THERE is not much in Theodore Dreiser's "Hey! Rub-a-Dub-Dub," (Boni and Liveright) for those who do not care for Dreiser himself, but this collection of heavy, shambling, sesquipedalian meditations on life, labor, sex, art and America, the first summing up of the Dreiserian philosophy, tremendously confirms the interest of his novels. Here we have the weary Titan at rest, and the spectacle is an impressive one; his depth of feeling, his air of puzzled detachment, his brooding determination, his instinctive tenderness, his inexhaustible lust of life find a sort of rationale in these pages. There is much in Dreiser's point of view that reminds one of Mark Twain's; it is the "mass-fatalism" of a democracy in which the individual counts for nothing, felt by a mind for whom nothing exists but the individual. For Dreiser, "physical and chemical laws" alone are real: he has no belief, and consequently no interest, in the possibility of an organized human intervention in the struggle for survival. How much of his admiration of force is due to the "inferiority-complex" which he shares with most American writers? Much, no doubt, for he is obviously one of the tender-minded, and it is when he deals with the victim of life that he is most the artist. That is true of his novels; it is also true of his essays. There is a great deal of Dostoevsky in Theodore Dreiser.

ONE hears it said sometimes that James Huneker has fallen out of touch with contemporary life; but he still has the ears, the eyes, the fingers and the palate of twenty-five in "Bedouins" (Scribner's), the zest of a hungry crow in a newly-sown corn-field. Nothing could be more winning than the mood of this eternal yea-sayer who won't agree with Swinburne's saying: "I have never been able to see what should attract man to the profession of criticism and the noble pleasure of praising." There are shades of judgment in this book, plenty of them, but there isn't a negative word; and Huneker, for whom the visible and audible world is so packed with delightful things, always succeeds in convincing his reader's intellect and senses. There are some stories in this book, the first he has collected, I think, for a number of years, but more than half of it consists of critical and anecdotal papers, on Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau, George Luks, Botticelli, Poe and Chopin, Debussy, and Mary Garden. It goes without saying that every now and then the "heart interest" effervesces a little. "Pooh! I shouldn't give a hang for a critic so cold that he couldn't write overheated

prose, Byzantine prose, purple-patched and swaggeringly rhymed, when facing these golden girls."

"THE fundamental difference between Whitman and Traubel lies in the fact that you have to go to Whitman, while Traubel comes to you. Traubel, like Whitman, was an eternal optimist. But their optimism was radically different. Whitman believed in and brooded over the eternal good. Traubel believed in and was happy over the present good. Traubel was a staunch advocate of the do-it-now policy. Whitman could wait. Traubel was impulsive. Whitman was slow and meditative. Traubel was quick and responsive. . . Whitman cut the path through an almost impenetrable wilderness of thought, breaking down many barriers of superstition and dogma. Traubel followed out Whitman's pioneer work and constructed a smooth road-bed." Perhaps the most interesting pages in David Karsner's "Horace Traubel; His Life and Work," (Egmont Arens) are those in which he traces Traubel's divergence from Whitman and shows him as the connecting link between Whitman and latter-day socialism. The book is decidedly a family affair, the expression of a cult, like the earlier Whitman *memorabilia*, but it offers a vivid impression of a very lovable spirit, one of the significant minor prophets of international democracy.

NEW OR FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

Prices and other information may be obtained from your bookseller.

Hand-Made Fables, by George Ade.
Maureen, by Patrick MacGill.
The Cords of Vanity, by James Branch Cabell.
Picture Show, by Siegfried Sassoon.
The Marbeck Inn, by Harold Brighouse.
Before the War, by Viscount Haldane.
Keeping the Seas, by Capt. E. R. G. R. Evans.
Modern China, by S. G. Cheng.
James Madison's Notes of Debates, by James Brown Scott.
The Listener's Guide to Music, by Percy A. Scholes.
The World's Food Resources, by J. Russell Smith.
The Release of the Soul, by Gilbert Cannan.
A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis, by Sigmund Freud.
The Ordeal of Mark Twain, by Van Wyck Brooks.
Collected Papers, by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Seeing Things at Night, by Heywood Brown.
Japan, Real and Imaginary, by Sydney Greenbie.
The Hesitant Heart, by Winifred Welles.
The Army with Banners, by Charles Rann Kennedy.
Lectures on Modern Idealism, by Josiah Royce.
Literary Culture in Early New England, by T. G. Wright.
Flying the Atlantic in Sixteen Hours, by Sir Arthur Whitten Brown.
Portmanteau Adaptations, by Stuart Walker.
Plays, by Susan Glaspell.
Tatterdemalion, by John Galsworthy.
The Letters of Henry James.
Color in Woven Design, by R. Beaumont.
The Breach in Civilization, by Herbert Croly.
The Foolish Lovers, by St. John Ervine.
Essentials in Art, by Osvald Siren.
How the War Came, by Lord Loreburn.
The American Credo, by George Jean Nathan and Henry L. Mencken.
Papers on the Legal History of Government, by Melville M. Bigelow.
Airplane Photography, by Herbert A. Ives.
Useful Wild Plants, by C. F. Saunders.
A new Dictionary of the Portuguese and English Languages, by H. Michaelis.
Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays, edited by Frank Shay.
Some Personal Impressions, by Take Jonescu.
The Natural History of the Child, by Dr. Courtney Dunn.
The System of Animate Nature, by J. Arthur Thomson.
Political Thought in England from Locke to Bentham, by Harold J. Laski.
Ditte, Girl Alive, by Martin Anderson Nexö.
Race Riots and the Race Question, by H. J. Seligman.
Pierre and Joseph, by René Bazin.
Pocket-Atlas of the World (C. S. Hammond and Co.).
En Route, by J. K. Huysmans.
Letters from China and Japan, by Mr. and Mrs. John Dewey.
Memories and Records, by Lord Fisher.
Cardinal Mercier's Story.
Walt Whitman, by Leon Bazalgette.
The Rescue, by Joseph Conrad.
One Hundred Per Cent, by Edna Ferber.
Pagan and Christian Creeds, by Edward Carpenter.

On human satisfactions—

It is gratifying to be received with enthusiasm when one merely expects a polite welcome. Our friends, from St. Agatha, Maine, to San Diego, California (figuratively speaking) have shown their approval of our announcement as printed in our distinguished contemporaries during the past month or more. Many of them have subscribed and many have taken the trouble to send words of encouragement. Extracts follow:

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Cleveland, O.

C. F. T.

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If, in its announcements, THE FREEMAN has seemed over-cautious and less assertive of its ability to achieve its aims than is commonly expected of new enterprises, it is because it prefers directing its energy toward creating a good paper than to making large claims.

But let the proof lie in the coming issues. Next week, (March 24th, No. 2), our editorials will include *America's Relations with Great Britain*, a subject no less lively than it was 150 years ago, and one on *Radical Activity*, not, by the way, a discussion of bolshevism. In No. 2, or in other early numbers, we will print a paper on *Psycho-Analysis and the Novel* by J. D. Beresford; a review of Lord Fisher's sensational tales out of school; an article on *The Teacher* by Helen Sard Hughes and contributions by Robert H. Lowie, Louis Levine, Arthur Gleason, Louis Untermeyer and Van Wyck Brooks, to name a few at random. Not the least interesting item on our programme is the critical and philosophical work of a great Russian, Leo Shestov.

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